

The Sketch



No. 512.—VOL. XL.

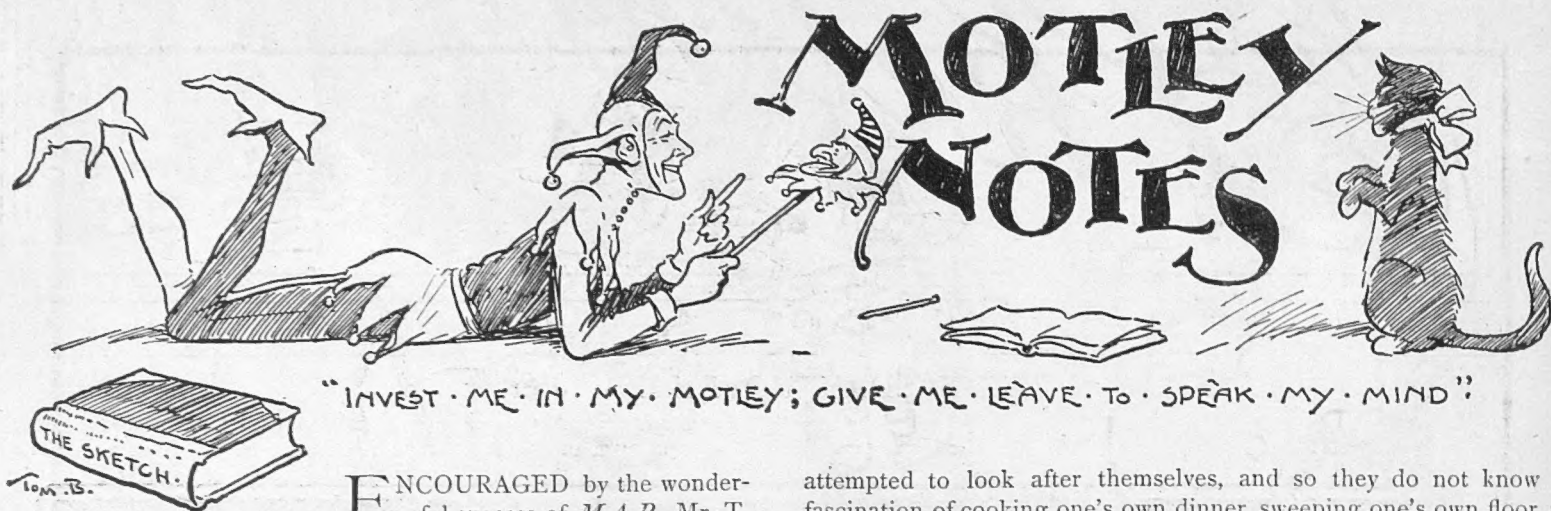
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EVELYN MILLARD,
WHO WILL PLAY THE LEAD IN THE NEW HAYMARKET COMEDY. (SEE "HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM.")

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.



ENCOURAGED by the wonderful success of *M.A.P.*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has produced another penny paper, which he calls *T. P.'s Weekly*. The aim of the publication, the Editor tells us, is to bring a love of letters to the many thousands who cannot afford or do not care to read the established literary reviews. Everyone, I feel sure, will wish Mr. O'Connor well in his venture. The first number contains many excellent articles, the best of all being "The Tragedy of George Eliot," written by "T. P." himself under his old heading, "The Book of the Week." Exceedingly interesting, too, are the editorial notes, in which Mr. O'Connor tells of his early life and journalistic struggles. It is such personal touches as these that have made the success of *M.A.P.*, and will probably do the same for *T. P.'s Weekly*. By the way, I observe that Mrs. Florence Popham, whose book, "The Housewives of Edenrise," I had the pleasure of mentioning in these columns the other day, has contributed a very well-written article to this new paper. The subject is "Minor Economies," and it seems that Mrs. Popham's Aunt Paramor has decided views on the question. "'The truest economy is to get the best of everything,' she said, in an oracular manner, smoothing the ample folds of her black satin skirt. Her bodice, stiff with beads, glittered in the fire-light, and her head and hands appeared to be human attributes applied with very little art to a well-stuffed pin-cushion." I think I must have met that Aunt.

A great many people have been studying, with the keenest possible interest, the reports of a murder trial that has been going on out of London. The case is an interesting one, but, to me, it is far more interesting to observe the people who are watching the developments of the case. Most of them, oddly enough, are just the kind of individuals who would laugh till they were tired if such a story were set before them on the stage and called a melodrama. Every now and then they go out of their way to explain that they are merely following the affair on account of its psychological interest. As a matter of fact, of course, they like to read about the murder and so forth because the story appeals to the imagination. Most of us get a nice, cheap little thrill when we catch sight of the word MURDER. That is why real melodrama is the only theatrical dish that never goes out of fashion. After all, it is far more entertaining to see a man strangled before one's eyes than to be compelled to assist in the solving of difficult problems that have nothing whatever to do with one's own private affairs.

Talking of murders, the author of "Celebrities and I" appears to have led an eventful life of it. She opens her book with a description of a murder that was committed close to her home in Paris when she was a little girl. Mr. Thackeray is mentioned in this connection, not because he had anything to do with the murder, but for the somewhat subtle reason that, on the day of the affair, the author was wearing a hat that Mr. Thackeray had ridiculed. From Thackeray we pass to Browning, and from Browning we return to Thackeray. I regret that I have not space to mention all the people whom the writer met from time to time; you have a right to know, however, that the last chapter but one of this informing book contains a moving description of the Coronation Procession. "I had an excellent seat, and was fortunate to have for my neighbours a distinguished painter and his wife; we talked on art matters, so the five hours passed pleasantly." Phew!

The more I hear of the difficulties people experience in getting good servants, the more I wonder why they don't do their own work. I suppose the explanation of the matter is that they have never

attempted to look after themselves, and so they do not know the fascination of cooking one's own dinner, sweeping one's own floor, and making one's own bed. The servants, of course, know all about it, but they keep their knowledge to themselves and even put on airs over the matter. Some day, however, the young housewife will discover that she can do things for herself much more thoroughly and much more quickly than her servants do them, and the little bluff on the part of Mary Ann will come to a sudden end. When that day dawns, people will be able to discuss their private affairs at the dinner-table, wives will cease to wear the look of perpetual worry that comes from being constantly harried by servants, the husband will find that his food is better cooked, that his income goes farther, and that the subscription to the library that was wont to supply three soul-searching books per week need not be renewed. In the morning, instead of ringing three times for his boots and missing the only decent train in the hour, he will simply get them himself, catch his train, and start the day in a cheerful frame of mind.

Judging from the reports, interviews, and so forth, that creep into the newspapers, Royal folk must make a delightfully sympathetic audience. I read that the Royal party at Sandringham were amazed at the wonderful tricks performed by the conjurer who went down with Mr. Albert Chevalier last week. "A feature of his performance," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "was his mysterious disappearance. At one time he entered a barred cage suspended on a high table. The curtains were drawn for a moment, and an attendant entered and pulled them aside. To the astonishment of the Royal party, a lady was then discovered in the cage, and the attendant, turning round, proved none other than"—whom do you suppose?—"the illusionist." One can imagine the breathless excitement with which our Imperial guest followed this entertainment. I shall wait with interest to see whether he contrives to invent a little trick of his own that shall go one better. Mr. Chevalier, it seems, gave the company, "Wot fur do 'e love oi?" He afterwards stated that he never had a more enthusiastic audience. It would be interesting to know whether the Kaiser, in the excitement of the moment, went so far as to whistle through his fingers, or whether he confined himself to hammering on the floor with his heels.

Friday evening last was a flaring night in the annals of the London Sketch Club, for then the Club held its greatest and best Conversazione—at any rate, up to date. All *The Sketch* men were there—Phil May, Dudley Hardy, Tom Browne, John Hassall, Cecil Aldin, René Bull, Starr Wood, and a great many equally brilliant people whose names are quite familiar to my readers. Humour, of course, was the prevailing element. There was Hassall's new and original Punch-and-Judy Show; there was Starr Wood's Marvellous Tank Act; there was René Bull's Inimitable Illusionist Entertainment. This last-named turn was also remarkable for the unobtrusive assistance lent by Walter Churcher, Hassall, and Dudley Hardy. Never have I seen a stage crowd more perfectly drilled or more completely in keeping with the artistic scheme. The sketches on the opposite page, rushed off in the lightning style that is so characteristic of the artist, will give you some idea of the magnificent childlikeness of the whole affair. As a matter of fact, they are all babies, these artists making merry, but most of them are clever babies and some of them do very pretty work. Long may it be before the tell-tale lines around the mouth grow hard and the tell-tale hairs around the temples grow grey. It is the children, we know, who keep the parents young; it is these entertaining babies who help so much to preserve the lightness and brightness of *The Sketch*.

Chicot



A CONVERSAZIONE AT THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.

(See "Motley Notes.")

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Kaiser in England—Driven Partridges—The Emperor as a British Colonel—Colonels of Regiments.

CABINET MINISTERS have to cultivate sedulously the gentle art of silence, and therefore we are not likely to know, until the personal reminiscences of the Diplomats of to-day are published—fifty years hence, according to custom, though Sir Horace Rumbold evidently thinks that this is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance—what the Kaiser said to Mr. Chamberlain in that little conversation outside Sandringham Church, a conversation which has set all the *gobe-mouches* of Europe guessing, and whether our statesmen have been delighted with the Emperor's visit or not. Whatever the opinions of our treaty-makers may be, the British public at large has been pleased, through the medium of print, to watch the Ruler of the German Empire enjoying himself very thoroughly as a nephew visiting his uncle; and the typical Englishman, who always loves a good sportsman, has been delighted to read that the Kaiser made excellent shooting at the driven partridges, though our insular pride may be tickled by the fact that the Prince of Wales was the best gun out at Sandringham. To shoot driven partridges coming down with a high wind is like shooting at a score of cricket-balls bowled all at once by twenty of the fastest bowlers in England. Well as the Kaiser shot at the partridges, he made better practice at the hares, for he is more used to shooting ground-game than the little brown birds.

The Army at large, and the "Royals" in particular, are vastly pleased with the Kaiser in his character of the Colonel of a British regiment, and it was no empty compliment when the officer commanding the regiment assured its Imperial head that recruits flocked to the corps because of its Colonel. Trooper Tommy loves a little swagger, and he is quite right to do so, and, just as a little bit of lace that no other regiment is allowed to wear, a badge differently placed to that of any other corps, a plume of an unusual colour, studs or cowries on horse-furniture, are prized and talked of, and, if necessary, fought about, in the canteen, to an extent which seems unbelievable to the civilian, so to have a Colonel of a regiment who is a Royal personage and who takes a personal interest in his corps draws the very best recruits to it in large numbers. The Kaiser might very well write a little pamphlet for the benefit of other rulers on the art of being a Colonel, for he does his duty admirably by his regiment. The wreath that he sends over annually to be affixed to the guidon on Waterloo Day is a very pretty compliment paid and a very useful reminder, for it shows that the Emperor knows well the glorious history of his British corps, and it recalls to Germans and Englishmen that at Waterloo the two nations joined scotched the terror of Europe. If America were to be added to Britain and Germany in an alliance, we should, so men who ought to know tell me, see the realisation of the Kaiser's most cherished dream and the end for which he works most persistently, the establishment of his great German Navy being the scheme next in order. At Shorncliffe the Emperor pleased both the officers and men of his corps by the well-deserved praise he gave on parade; by his geniality in the Mess, when, as the Head of the regiment, he gathered his officers round him, showed the Royal facility for remembering faces and past incidents, became for the time a soldier amongst soldiers, leading the cheers for the regiment most heartily; and by his gift to the Women and Children Fund, which benefits the hostages to fortune of the lower ranks. It was all done with perfect tact, and there was nothing that certain grudging critics across the sea, who seem to look on the semi-British parentage of the Emperor almost as a crime, could gird at.

When I used to hear details of the recruiting carried on for the different regiments of the Army, the 17th Lancers used to be the cavalry corps for which the largest number of recruits applied, and I think that the 10th Hussars came next on the list. The 17th has always been a "comfortable" regiment; the blue and white of its uniform is not only considered very neat by mere man, but also finds great favour in the eyes of lovely woman, and its nickname, which carries a reminiscence of the charge of Balaclava with it, the "Death or Glory Boys," has a fine, reckless, swaggering twang about it. The 10th Hussars were the Prince's regiment, King Edward always taking a great personal interest in his corps, and they have various little distinctions much prized. Lord Basing told the Kaiser that the fact that he is Colonel has most favourably affected the recruiting for the "Royals," and it would be interesting to learn whether the other regiments which have foreign Royalties, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Portugal, at their head, have gained as the "Royals" have done, and in what proportion.

The position of the Colonel of a regiment is almost entirely a complimentary one, but the title is apt to cause confusion in civilian minds, for the officer who is actually in command is also a Colonel, either with the Lieutenant preceding his name or without it. In days gone by, the Colonelcy of a regiment was worth a thousand pounds a-year, and was a reward for good service given without regard to the

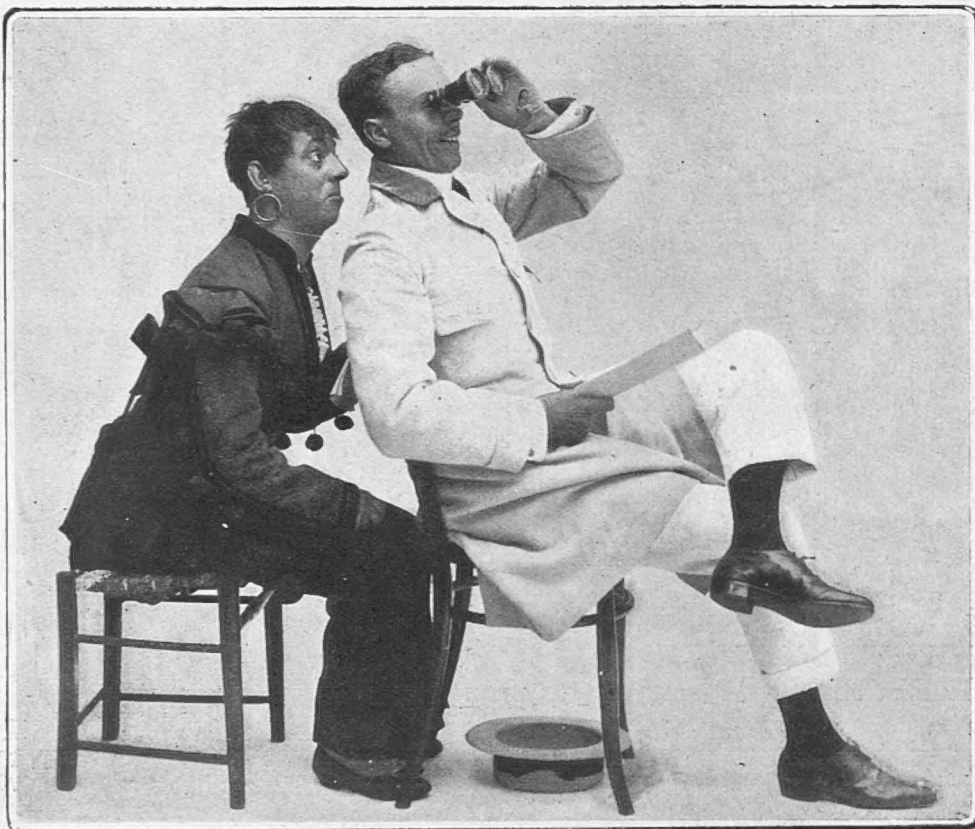
regiment in which the receiver had served. To present his officers at Court, plead their cause at the War Office, and preside at the annual Regimental Dinner were about the only duties a Colonel was expected to perform. Now the appointment is complimentary, is given to some distinguished officer who has served in the regiment—except, of course, in the case of Royal Colonels—and the Colonel, as Head of the regiment, performs the same slight duties as his predecessors did without drawing any pay at all for what is, in all senses now, a labour of love.

TURKISH DIPLOMACY.

So the Turkish-Italian fracas has ended as troubles with the Sublime Porte always end when Abdul Hamid sees that the other side means business. In these days, when Providence is so obviously on the side of the largest battalions, Turkish

diplomacy is nothing less than wonderful, and it will be left to a future generation to do full justice to the Padishah. Those of us who have studied Turkish diplomacy on the spot and are familiar, even to a small extent, with the Moslem mind, are inclined to think that the Padishah cannot really help himself. If he gave in without a struggle to the "Kaffirs," the damage to his prestige in all Mohammedan countries would be very serious indeed. Defeat after a prolonged struggle is not so bad, and may be avenged when he calls upon the Faithful to rise for the Jihad, the Holy War, of which they still dream and talk. At the same time, the recent French seizure of Mitylene and the end of the later incident must be very bad for the Sultan's prestige.

Affairs in Turkey proceed on lines that inevitably suggest comic opera. One M. Moravetz has written a book on the subject of Turkish Finance, and last week Abdul Hamid conferred upon him the Grand Cordon of the Medjidje, in recognition of the author's valuable work and the Sultan's high appreciation of it. At the same time, the Censor prohibited the sale of the book throughout the Sultan's dominions, and where the police have any suspicions they may raid houses and shops in search of copies. The truth of the matter is that neither Sultan nor Censor cares for anything but the aspect of the affair as it appeals to him personally. Abdul Hamid has recognised a valuable work and given the author a token of his favour; the Censor has recognised a book that is calculated to make the Sultan's subjects think more of their national financial position than is good for them, so he has doomed all copies that may be seized to destruction. The Turkish mind sees nothing humorous in this.



"THE FRONT ROW OF THE PIT AND THE BACK ROW OF THE STALLS."
EDMUND PAYNE AND GEORGE GROSSMITH JUNIOR AS THEY ILLUSTRATE "THE EAST-END AND THE WEST-END" IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

HER MAJESTY, as becomes the Vikings' daughter from over the sea, has always been devoted to the British Navy, and I am this week enabled to publish a charming photograph showing the Queen surrounded by the officers of the Royal Yacht. As Princess of Wales, King Edward's Consort spent many of the happiest days of her early married life yachting with her five young children, and it was owing in a measure to her precept and example that

Englishwomen took up this healthy amusement, and also that they adopted the workmanlike yachting frocks, caps, and hats which now set the fashion to the whole feminine seafaring world. It is rather a curious fact that the one real holiday enjoyed by their Majesties since their marriage was spent boating on the Nile. There, for at least a few days, they were really out of reach of civilisation and all its attendant worries. Queen Alexandra's affection for the Navy shows itself in many practical ways. She has long been a sympathiser with the admirable work done by Miss Agnes Weston, and among her closest personal friends is gallant Admiral Sir Harry Keppel, the nonagenarian sailor, who is ever one of the most welcome guests on the *Victoria and Albert*, and who on the occasion of his last birthday received the personal congratulations of the King and Queen.

"Dr. Johnson" at Sandringham. The King, with his usual happy tact, chose two essentially British plays for performance before the versatile Kaiser. "The Story of Waterloo" must have recalled to His Imperial Majesty the fact that on that historic battle-field Englishmen and Germans were for once united

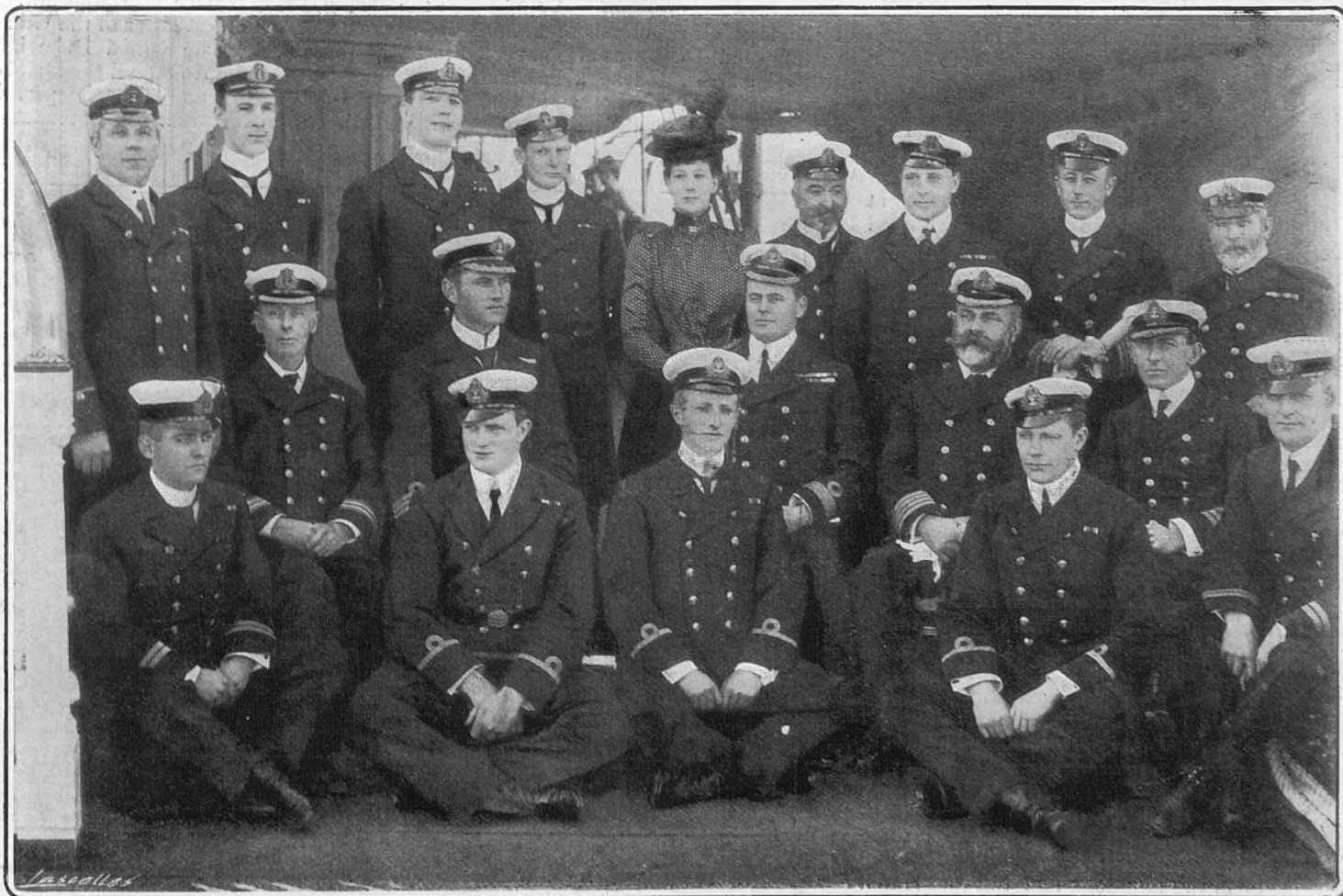
brothers-in-arms, while as for "Dr. Johnson," a delicate and charming little play by Mr. Leo Trevor, it recalls the England of the eighteenth century. The story of the late theatrical performance at Sandringham reads like a romance. The King desired to give his Imperial nephew a surprise, and it is an actual fact that up to the last moment Mr. Bouchier allowed the members of his Company to be under the impression that they were rehearsing "Dr. Johnson" with a view to playing the piece at a country sanatorium. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, by His Majesty's special desire, played the part of Mrs. Boswell. Sir Henry Irving, who was in Ireland last week, travelled specially back to his native land in order to play his famous rôle of the old Waterloo veteran. During his absence, the part of Shylock was played by his son, Mr. Laurence Irving.

"Quality Street" at Windsor.

Next Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks will have the honour and the pleasure of proving their quality in "Quality Street" at Windsor Castle. The performance will give the King of Portugal an interesting glimpse of modern theatrical methods. Many great actors and actresses have appeared on the Windsor Castle stage, and it would seem as if their Majesties intend to patronise the drama even more than was the case when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. "Quality Street" is an ideal play for such a performance as that which is to take place on Friday, owing to the fact that the little drama is made up of delicate touches and of scenes which can be played to really greater advantage on a small stage than on a large one.

The Emperor's Wild Duck.

To a certain portion of the cultured public there must have been something quite Ibsenish about the German Emperor's occupation last week, for His Imperial Majesty enjoyed some hours' keen sport with the wild duck for which the Wolferton Marshes are justly celebrated. The Kaiser, who has always been an early riser, had actually started out by 9.30, and, with the aid of one of the King's new motors, he and his Royal guide, the Prince of Wales, soon reached the picturesque stretch of land and water which is the refuge of Norfolk water-fowl.

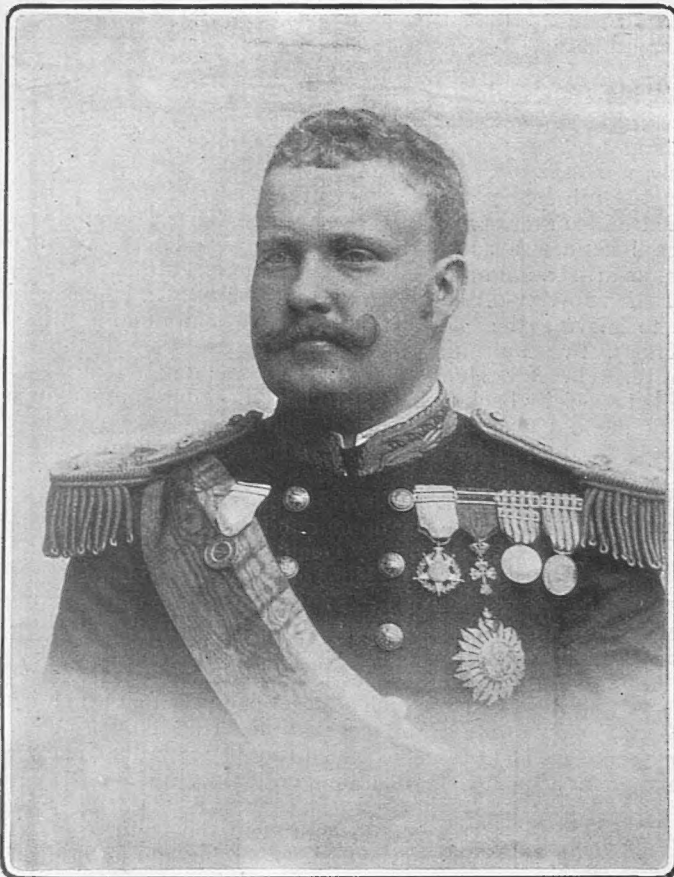


HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL YACHT.

Photograph by Debenham, Cowes.

*Prince of Wales at
Londesborough
Park.*

Londesborough Park, near the little village of Market Weighton, with its thatched cottages occupied by the tenantry and labourers on the estate, holds a prominent place in the affections of the Prince of Wales. There is excellent shooting, and at Driffield Beck, within easy reach, is the finest trout-fishing in England. The



THE KING OF PORTUGAL, HIS MAJESTY'S GUEST AT WINDSOR.

house itself is an imposing Elizabethan edifice of red brick, but is by no means a show place, like the neighbouring houses belonging to the Earl of Carlisle and the Earl of Feversham. It is beautifully situated in a well-wooded park, and is approached from the village by a magnificent drive. One of its chief features is the number of delightful terraces commanding glorious prospects of the wide-stretching and undulating Yorkshire wolds. Lord Londesborough, like his distinguished predecessor in title, maintains the traditions of the family in the district. The attention he devotes to horse-breeding and to agriculture in the East Riding has made him popular with all classes. He takes a special interest in the fishing villages along the coast, and the life-boat men have no warmer friend in the country. Like his father, also, he has identified himself closely with the institutions of Scarborough, and spends much of his time during the Scarborough season at Londesborough Lodge, which is prettily situated and overlooks what is known as "The Valley."

*His Majesty's
Cousin-King.*

Few people are aware that the King of Portugal, who is now their Majesties' guest at Windsor, is a close relation of our Royal Family, for he is descended from a Prince of Saxe-Coburg, and Queen Victoria always regarded both him and his father as very near relatives. King Carlos fulfils in many ways the mediæval ideal of a reigning Sovereign; he is a very fine-looking man, jovial and fearless, literally adored in his own country, and always ready to perform one of those romantically generous actions which are even in these prosaic days the Royal prerogative; indeed, in many ways His Portuguese Majesty recalls to quite an extraordinary extent his famous grandfather, Victor Emmanuel. King Carlos is especially blessed in his Consort, the pretty, wise, and kind-hearted Marie-Amélie, a Princess of the House of Orleans, who has done much to raise the tone of Portuguese Society and who has been unceasing in her efforts to benefit the sick and suffering poor.

*A Lady and her
Shetlands.*

Mrs. Wentworth Hope Johnstone has now been for some years one of the most successful pony-breeders in the kingdom, and the Can Hatch Shetlands are famous, the more so that this lady

has gained prizes with her pets at many leading Shows. People are apt to think Shetlands fit only to become the live toys of those fortunate children who early become the happy owners of ponies. Mrs. Hope Johnstone has done her best to prove that "Shelties" may well be utilised even by great grown-ups for light harness-work, and really well-bred ponies of this breed fetch very large prices. Mrs. Hope Johnstone takes a keen personal interest in every detail concerning her pony farm. She is fond of feeding her "Shelties" herself, and always decides how they are to be treated both in sickness and in health. In the neighbourhood of her beautiful home, at Banstead, in Surrey, there is no prettier sight than that of this clever lady driving a smart pair of her spirited little ponies through the pretty lanes and byways.

A New Party.

From the first day that Mr. Healy entered the House of Commons he has been a force in it. He is one of the cleverest men at St. Stephen's, and one of the most trenchant debaters. Moreover, in spite of a sharp tongue and of ardent Nationalism, British members like him. Even Mr. Chaplin recently referred to him as a friend. Mr. Healy was described in *The Sketch* a week or two ago as a "Party of one." His Party is no longer confined to himself. Half-a-dozen other estranged Nationalists have, in the absence of Mr. Redmond's followers, collected on the Irish benches and have shown a disposition to act with Mr. Healy. Their tactics will be watched with interest when their colleagues reappear. Mr. Healy is not a man that can be crushed.

*"Drawing the
Badger."*

To draw Mr. Chamberlain has been the sport of venturesome members from the time of Lord Randolph Churchill onwards. The sport requires pluck, as it is attended with danger. There are few members who will dare even to interrupt the Colonial Secretary when he is in a fighting mood, and fewer still venture to make a personal attack upon him. Mr. Lloyd-George, with a spirited fondness for big game, "goes for" Mr. Chamberlain on every opportunity. The ardour of debate carries him forward, and if he suffer in the conflict he takes his punishment with a smile. There was a lively encounter between them in the debate on the closing of the Education Bill. Mr. Lloyd-George delighted the Radicals by the vehemence of his attacks, and the Ministerialists equally enjoyed the sarcasm of Mr. Chamberlain's reply.

*The Autumn
Debate.*

At last a limit has been fixed to the debate on the Education Bill. The Bill will be out of the House of Commons in a fortnight, and it will be disposed of by the Peers in time to allow members to wind up the Session before Christmas. Nobody is better pleased than the Liberals. They are tired of talking, and still more of listening, and by the action of the Government in guillotining discussion at a fixed date they have received a Christmas-present in the shape of a Party cry.

*The Grand Duke
of Hesse.*

The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt has been entertaining all his sisters, except the Czarina, in the Grand Ducal Palace at Darmstadt. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who married the eldest sister of the Grand Duke, was also expected to be of the party. The Grand Duke intends to take a holiday of three months in India, to attend the Delhi Durbar, when he will be the guest of the Viceroy and will take part in some tiger-hunts which will be arranged by the great Indian feudatories.



MRS. W. HOPE JOHNSTONE AND HER PONIES.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

The Czar's Holiday Home.

The Emperor of Russia and his sweet-faced Consort are now enjoying a well-earned holiday at Livadia. The delightful Imperial villa, which in no sense resembles a palace, has been nicknamed the Balmoral of Russia; as a matter of fact, it is to Nicholas II. and the Empress Alix much what Osborne was to our late Sovereign. Situated in the loveliest part of the Crimea, the Royal village is almost entirely composed of Imperial cottages and villas, scarce a member of the Czar's family but owning there a holiday home. Livadia is a name full of sad associations for King Edward and Queen Alexandra, for it was there that the great Emperor of Peace, Alexander II., passed away after a long, painful illness, and their Majesties, as Prince and Princess of Wales, arrived too late to bid him farewell. At Livadia also the present Emperor was taken seriously ill, the result, it was said, of eating tainted oysters; but this fact has not in any way destroyed his keen affection for the lovely spot, where he, the Empress, and their four little daughters are able to lead a much more unconventional and natural life than when residing in one of the gorgeous palaces in or near St. Petersburg.

A Russian Politician.

One of the most interesting figures in the world of European politics is passing from active service, for M. Pobiedonostzeff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, has asked the Czar to relieve him of his office, that he may spend the winter of his days in peace. It is said that the Czar has consented to accept the resignation, which will take place at the end of the year, when Count Serge Cheremetieff, one of the State Council that really rules Russia, will take his place. Mr. W. T. Stead has given us glimpses of the retiring Procurator-General, a man to whose iron will and inflexible purpose we owe the persecution of the Russian Jews and Stundists. Men who have been brought into contact with him or his officials have described M. Pobiedonostzeff as an intelligent bigot, a man moved by an intense desire to do right, and, when once he has convinced himself about the wisdom of a certain course, absolutely remorseless in carrying it out. He has probably caused more suffering throughout Russia than any other Minister in the past half-century, but has undoubtedly acted with the most honest intentions.

Wonderful Warwick.

Some exceptionally brilliant house-parties will probably be gathered together at Warwick Castle after Christmas, for Lord Brooke has now entered his twenty-first year, and Lady Marjorie Greville is considered "out," although she has not yet attended one of their Majesties' Courts. Much has been written concerning the glories of Warwick Castle. As most people are aware, this splendid pile of buildings is exquisitely situated on the banks of Shakspeare's River Avon. The Great Hall, the principal glory of Warwick Castle, has been paced by many generations of tourists, for both Lord and Lady Warwick are very generous in the matter of allowing strangers to see the principal apartments of their historic home. This is the more kindly of them

owing to the fact that the Great Hall has really become one of their principal living-rooms; and no great country-house, not even Windsor Castle itself, has been the scene in modern days of more interesting gatherings than has the Castle. Lady Warwick delights in entertaining interesting people, both in Warwickshire and in Essex, where her own private property, Easton Lodge, is situated. Of course, it is at Warwick that the beautiful *châtelaine* presides over really large

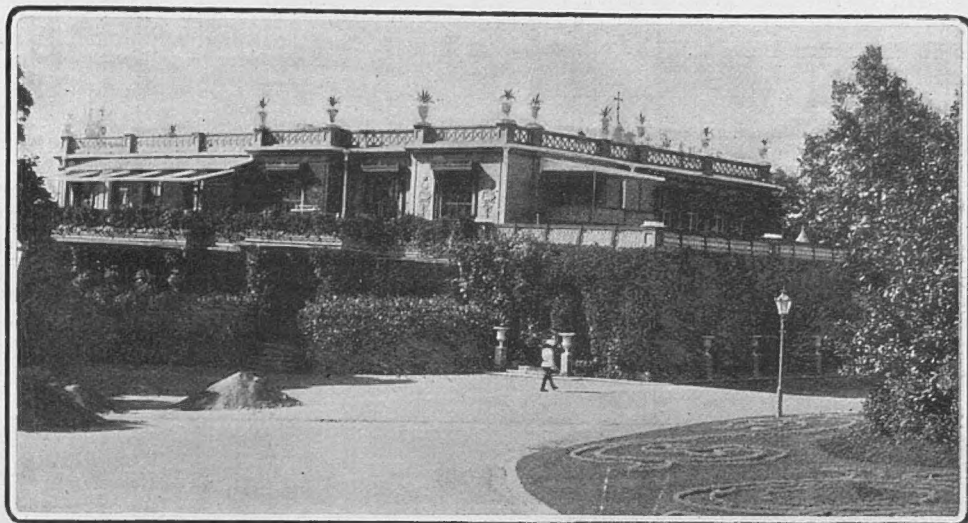
gatherings; each year several of these take place, and, to give some idea of the hostess's versatility, she issues invitations for a great fancy-dress ball or for a Rural Industries Workers' Conference with equal pleasure and success; indeed, many important movements connected with rural affairs have been started in the Great Hall of Warwick Castle, few of more consequence than the Rural Education Union, which has for object that of combining various Horticultural Societies, for both Lord and Lady Warwick have always

shown themselves enthusiastic friends of the British farmer. When at Warwick Castle, much of Lady Warwick's time is spent out of doors. She is a great lover of animals, and both the stables and the kennels are as well worth a visit as is the Castle. The pretty little town nestling below the noble mass of grey buildings bears many signs of how keen an interest Lord and Lady Warwick take in the welfare of humbler neighbours.

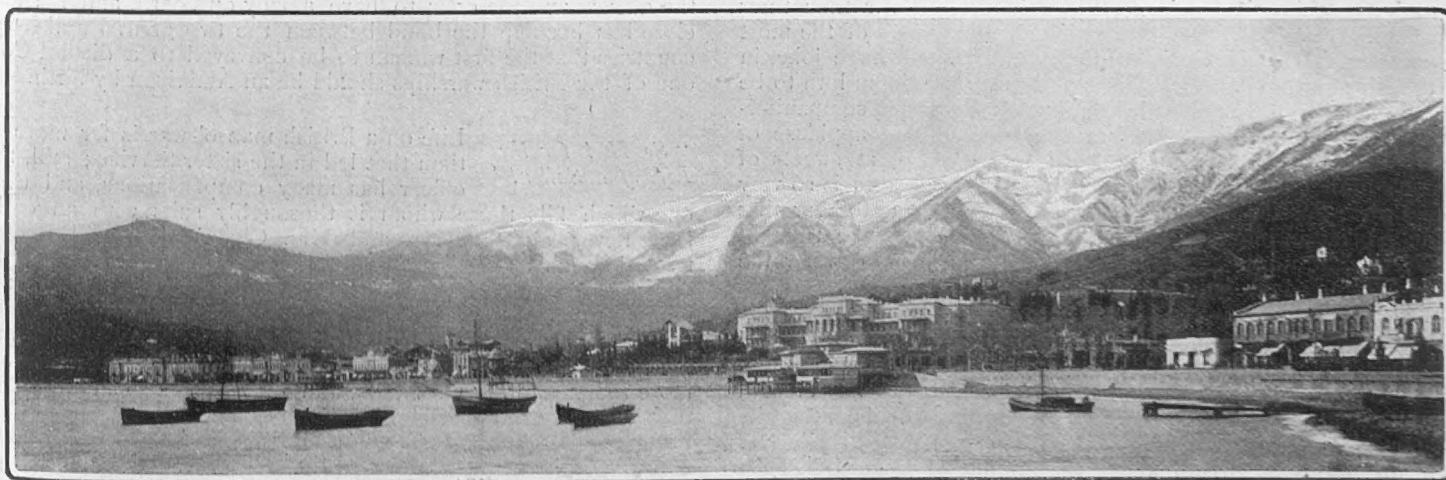
The Penalty of Success.

If you are a successful literary man nowadays, you must pay a big price for your success. Not only do countless people who have read your works imagine that their patronage gives them a permanent claim on your advice and assistance, but a certain class of journals, generally published in the New World, invites you to take part in discussions raised from time to time, and Editors expect you to do it "for the sake of their beautiful eyes." A distinguished novelist has been showing me some correspondence in this connection. The paper in question wrote to ask him his fee for a contribution. He replied that on receipt of a cheque of a certain size he would be happy to oblige them. A week or two later came a letter ignoring his reply and requesting him to contribute to a great discussion they proposed to start, having for its object the betterment of the human race, or so much of it as lives in America. They would be prepared to print a column of his views. He sent a card referring them to his communication of a previous date, and the incident is now closed.

"Letts's Diaries." Messrs. Cassell and Co., Limited, are now issuing the 1903 editions of their well-known "Letts's Diaries." The steady annual increase in the circulation of these indispensable companions, whether for the office or the pocket, shows that the policy of combining taste and durability with cheapness is appreciated by the public at large. Special editions are prepared for Australasia, India, and South Africa, and all those for Home use contain a £1000 free insurance coupon against risks of railway travelling and accidents by steamboat, bus, tram-car, motor-car, or cab. Messrs. Cassell are the sole publishers of the original "Letts's Diaries."



LIVADIA, NEAR YALTA, CRIMEA, WHERE THE CZAR AND CZARINA ARE STAYING.



A GENERAL VIEW OF YALTA.

Mrs. Cyril Maude. Domesticity is not invariably the attribute of the leading lady, but it is an accusation that can safely be brought against Mrs. Cyril Maude. It is only at the Haymarket that that charming lady is Miss Winifred Emery, for once outside the stage-door the theatre has practically no part in her life. At her house in Egerton Crescent, at any rate, one can find nothing theatrical save an occasional picture or photograph. "Shop" is not the staple topic of conversation, and Mrs. Maude never reads newspaper criticisms. She used to, but they worried her, so she made up her mind to have nothing more to do with them. Besides, the conversation of Miss Margery and Miss Pamela, to say nothing of the monosyllabic utterances of Master John, is vastly more entertaining to her. Seldom, surely, has a daughter been a more perfect miniature of her mother than is Mrs. Maude's eldest girl, who, apart from a rage for the collection of post-cards, finds most of life's interest in the doings of her mother and father. Deep down in her heart lies a keen desire for the footlights, but she will not say very much about it. Her sister, Pamela, is far more inclined to speak her mind, which she often does with emphasis. She is, in fact, a Diogenes in short petticoats, and her strictures seldom lack point. Both sisters have much in common, including a vast appetite for

statutory period necessary to entitle him to a pension. Like his judicial brethren, Lords Justices Stirling and Mathew and Mr. Justice Joyce, he went straight from the Junior Bar to the Bench, and never applied for "silk." Up to a year ago he presided with great distinction over the Bankruptcy Court and in Companies' Winding-up. The Hooley promotions caused him much anxiety, and that name is anathema at St. James's Place. He is devoted to his pipe and favours a "short clay." As a Criminal Judge he is of all men most merciful, and no prisoner has ever yet been able to say that Mr. Justice Wright failed to hear and elicit any possible suggestion that could be offered in a prisoner's favour.

At Home on the Ocean Wave.

Soon Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain will be in a position to feel, what probably neither of them has ever felt before, really at home on the ocean wave. The *Good Hope* is a fine man-o'-war, and everything has been done to transform that portion of the ship which will be given over to the accommodation of the Colonial Secretary and of his charming wife into quarters as luxurious as anything to be found on one of those floating palaces in which the American millionaire comes and goes between England and America. It will be a novel experience for



MRS. CYRIL MAUDE (MISS WINIFRED EMERY) AND HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

literature, but nothing has a larger place in their hearts than their brother John. This is the less remarkable in that he is of the most jovial character, full of *bonhomie*. Life is to him one huge joke, in which he insists on his sisters sharing, and they are seldom loth to be a partner in his joys. Nor does his mother often find his companionship dull, and I dare swear she prefers him even to that applause of the multitude which is popularly supposed to be the great sweets of the actress's life. But, then, the popular idea of an actress is so very far from fact. Possibly it might surprise the unknowing to hear that Mrs. Maude takes an interest in domestic affairs. It may be thought inartistic; but she does. And she is not artist enough to prefer the society of fulsome admirers to that of her own three children.

Mr. Justice Wright. It is understood that the Hon. Sir Robert Samuel Wright, Judge of the King's Bench Division, contemplates retiring from the honourable position he has created for himself after the Autumn Assize. According to the rota, the learned Judge is now travelling the Western Circuit, and will conclude his duties at Bristol about the middle of December. He was elevated to the Bench in December 1890, and has therefore completed only twelve years' service, or three years less than the

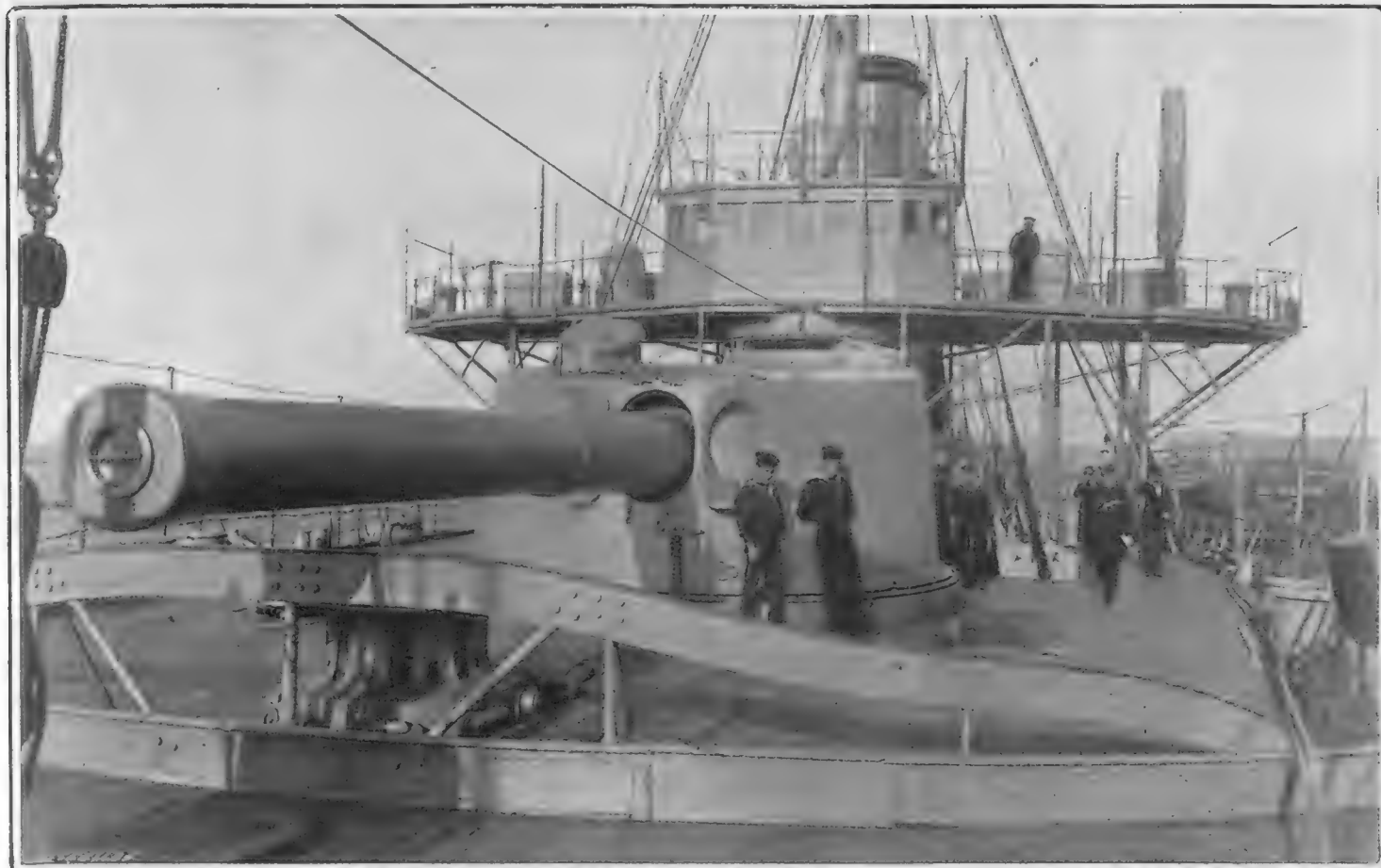
the officers and the crew to have a lady on board, and it shows how close has become the bond between the two great English-speaking countries that the first woman to be conveyed to a distant Colony on one of the British warships should be an American by birth.

"So Ho! for the Life of a Sailor!"

Life on a British man-o'-war is far more Spartan than that led in the sister Service; still, the naval officer has many compensations, and the life is one which fills those whom it thoroughly suits with an enthusiasm that never abates. Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will probably be treated much as if the Colonial Secretary were Captain of the ship. A naval officer who has reached that rank has a suite of cabins, a staff of servants, and the privilege of taking his meals in solitude should he care to do so; indeed, his lot is not so very different, from a material point of view, from that of an Admiral, excepting that the latter has more rooms and more servants, and obtains a special grant in order that he may entertain his Flag-Captain, his Secretary, and his Flag-Lieutenant at his table. One of the great charms of life on a man-o'-war is the spotless cleanliness of everything. This pleasing naval trait is likely to be very attractive to Mrs. Chamberlain, who is the personification of neatness.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "GOOD HOPE,"

THE NEW CRUISER WHICH WILL CONVEY MR AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN TO SOUTH AFRICA.



THE FORECASTLE, SHOWING THE NEW TYPE OF GUN



THE ADMIRAL'S SHELTER ON THE AFTER BRIDGE, WHICH WILL BE USED BY MR. AND MRS. CHAMBERLAIN DURING THE DAYTIME.

Photographs by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

The Warwickshire Hunt.

Few Hunts in England can trace their origin back to such a remote period as does the Warwickshire. It may be said to date from 1791, when Mr. John Corbet hunted the entire country, though years before that Mr. Warde had kennels at Newbold. The northern portion, however, became



WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS:

THE MASTER, THE HON. R. G. VERNEY (ON THE RIGHT), AND MR. G. FENWICK.

Willoughby de Broke), who officiated from 1839 to 1856. The present Peer also hunted the country for many years, and the Hon. Richard Greville Verney, is now at the head of the Warwickshire. Mr. Greville is among the youngest of Masters, as he is not much over thirty. He is very popular among Warwickshire sporting-men.

The New Gentleman-at-Arms.

Colonel A. G. Durand, who has been appointed to the vacancy in the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, is one of the three famous brothers who have done such distinguished service in India. Colonel Durand, who is a C.B. and a C.I.E., was formerly Military Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India. He was with Lord Roberts in the march from Kabul to Kandahar, and in 1891-2 commanded the Hunza-Nagar Field Force, when he was severely wounded, but brought the expedition to a successful termination, for which he received the C.B. and the thanks of the Indian Government.

The Château d'Eu.

The Château d'Eu, which has just suffered severely from fire, is best known to English people as the place in which King Louis Philippe entertained Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort when they visited France in 1843. The Castle was built in 1578 by

Henry of Guise, and in the following century it was bought by Mdle. de Montpensier. Louis Philippe inherited the Castle from his mother, the wife of Philippe Egalité, and from him it descended to the present Duke of Orleans.

An Interesting Relic.

The Museum of the French Army has recently received a valuable acquisition in the sword of General Junot which was presented to him by the City of Paris, as the future conqueror of England. The sword, which is richly damascened and has a hilt of mother-of-pearl and gilt bronze beautifully carved, bears on one side of the blade the inscription, "The City of Paris to General Junot," and on the other side, "Governor of Paris, promoted to the Command of the First Division of the Army of England." The "Army of England" was that which Napoleon I. concentrated at Arras for the purpose of invading us, but which, after he found it too dangerous to cross the Channel, he turned against Austria, and which won the Battle of Austerlitz. Perhaps the most appropriate place for this relic would be the Royal United Service Institution.

The Queen of Greece.

Queen Olga of Greece has had a narrow escape of being run over by a tram-car in Athens, a fact which has somehow been kept out of the papers. The Queen was leaving the Palace on foot, with Prince Christopher and her private secretary, to attend service at the Cathedral. When she had nearly reached the Cathedral, a tram-car coming along at a rapid rate overtook the Queen, who, on account of the high wind which was blowing, did not hear the noise of the approaching car, while the driver, with unaccountable carelessness, never took the trouble to sound his horn. The shouts of some spectators caused the Queen to jump back in time, and the car just grazed her dress, happily without doing her any injury.

Costaki Pasha.

The late Turkish Ambassador, who has just died at Kalki, in the Sea of Marmora, was not very well known in London Society, and his name did not often appear in the list of those who attended fashionable assemblies. But those who,



WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS: A MEET AT SHUCKBURGH.

like the present writer, had had the privilege of making his personal acquaintance found in him all the quiet courtliness of a Turk of the old school, among whom are to be found some of the most perfect gentlemen in the world. And yet Costaki Anthopoulos Pasha was not a Moslem. Liké his parents, he was a Greek and a Christian, and he began life as a lawyer at Constantinople, rising to be Attorney-General and Public Prosecutor. In 1888 he was appointed Governor of Crete, after the usual outbreak in that island; but, though he was a Christian, he did not succeed, and held the position only about a year. In 1896 he succeeded Rustem Pasha as Ambassador in London, and his courtly manners and kindly disposition made him very popular in official circles. As a diplomatist he was very successful in difficult times, and he will be universally regretted.

Spanish Affairs.

The Cabinet crisis in Spain will surprise nobody. Señor Sagasta is a very old man, tired of office, tired of honours, and with thirty years or more of active political life behind him. His great task was to protect the Regency against Carlists and Republicans, and when the young King was crowned, eighteen months ago, the work was over. Praxedes Mateo Sagasta is not like other men. His contempt for loaves and fishes is equalled only by his contempt for the men who sell their convictions to obtain them. All his life, from the early days of his journalistic career down to the present hour, he has been a poor man, living in a modest apartment, indifferent to material success.



WITH THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS: THE PACK, HUNTSMAN, AND WHIPS.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

The Luckless Parisian.

The New Century is not shaping well (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). The Frenchman has his economical outbreaks in gaiety for each season. This spring the strawberry crop failed, so did the raspberry, and any spring fruit that could be bought had a pensive look about it. The summer can be passed over; but this time the autumn looked like making amends. There was the sweet unfomented wine with the baked chestnuts in waiting, and a brilliant spread might be had for a few pence in the wine-shops. But a terrible blow has fallen. Jean Richepin, the brilliant author of "Le Chemineau," is down with typhoid fever, and so also is Léon Daudet, through eating the debatable bivalve. The slump in Paris has been tremendous, and anyone familiar with the city at this time of year must know what that means. Before every wine-shop dozens of baskets are stacked, and, at sixpence a dozen for the oyster and threepence a bottle for the white wine, the people are in their glory, till the pavement is hidden with shells. And this mild joy is threatened.

Search for the Félische.

The proverbial superstition of the French was never more instanced than at the sale of Madame Humbert's wardrobe. Ladies came in carriages and jostled with those on foot, and soon the Hôtel Drouot was packed to suffocation. There was a lack of dignity in the language of the fair sex. Cloaks, boas, boleros, and so forth, fell into the hands of the dealers at very high prices. It was when the under-linen was submitted that the feminine battle began. In shrill and raucous voices they bid until articles that, new, could have been worth only fifty francs were carried up to four hundred francs, and they danced with joy when the hammer fell. Shares in a Safe Company should be a sound investment.

There are no "Murderers."

An expressive Biblical word, namely, "murderer," has ceased to exist in the French Criminal Courts. In a trial in the South, counsel for the defence persisted in referring to the assassin as a "dégénéré irresponsable." The expression has "caught on" and reached the Paris Courts, where the word "dégénéré" is heard on all sides, and it is only the Procureur of the Republic who uses the blunt term "murderer."

The Trolley System.

Paris, the city without an overhead wire, is sacrificed, and in the very Place de l'Opéra poles for the trolley-cars are being fixed. It is a burning shame, but the Municipal Council has got so case-hardened against all protests that nothing can be done. It is simply a useless scheme for bringing in people from far-off slums you never heard of, and who don't thank the Company for disturbing their quiet.

A Small Billiard Champion.

Willie Hopp, the boy Billiard Champion of America, is at the Olympia Divan, and, although I have seen him only at practice, he has all the shaping of a master-hand. He is a bright, healthy-looking youngster of fourteen, and it is amusing when, on account of his diminutive stature, he has to use a stool. He hardly notices one-hundred breaks.

At the Play.

"Le Cadre," by Pierre Wolff, at the Athénée, is a strange piece, although most brilliantly written, as, by the way, might be expected of the clever author who, at thirty-six years of age, has seen fourteen plays mounted in Paris. It is utterly devoid of any moral. A pensive man in his artistic home finds pleasure in the company of a married woman. She induces him to be introduced to her husband, so that the latter's suspicions may not be aroused.

He accepts and finds himself in quite another *cadre*. There is nothing of the peace and refined luxury of his home. Women smoke cigarettes and play billiards, the men talk only of racing, and questionable songs are sung. It is another frame and his illusion vanishes. The fact remains that it is a play in which infidelity is treated as a matter of course. "Nos Deux Consciences," at the Porte St. Martin, is a psychological melodrama such as I have rarely seen. Paul Anthelme gives you two characters, a priest and a doctor. The latter is of the highest moral character, but an atheist. The priest is charged with a murder he never committed, and it is the seal of the Confessional that prevents him from clearing himself. The atheist hears from his wife's lips a confession that would prove an alibi for the priest. He orders her to the Assize Courts and sacrifices his social position thereby. It is a problem-play, well propounded, but badly handled. Coquelin played splendidly, but there was not enough of Mme. Marie Laurent.

Sarah Bernhardt Re-opens.

Sarah has returned, and seems to think, with Réjane, that a very little pleases Paris. She leads off with a revival of "Fédora," but there is no indication and no definite promise as to the mounting of a new piece. On the whole, she did well in her tour; but, although she claps her hands as gaily and laughs, there is no doubt that she is suffering from the unkindly reception she had in Germany.

Chrysanthemum Show.

That delightful solace for the tired eye in foggy November, the Chrysanthemum Show, is open in the Cour de la Reine. I was there on the opening day, and so, apparently, was everybody, for a peep was all that was possible in the crowd. The vegetable display is of quite exceptional interest, particularly those of sun-growth.

Mild Motorists.

In three years no automobile has caused an accident in the Bois de Boulogne. This is as surprising as it is satisfactory, particularly as the real motorist has to suffer for the eccentric conduct of the most unfledged of amateurs. M. Lepine, the Prefect, although he feebly denies, has given the hint to the cycling police to draw up no *procès verbal* for eighteen kilomètres, and in the early morning, when the Bois is quiet, for twenty-four. There is great rejoicing, particularly with the opening of the Winter Exhibition at the Grand Palais.

No Books Read.

The Manager of one of the biggest publishing houses in Paris told me that the sale of books at the present time was positively

zero. He added that his firm had no idea as to what to do in stocking those gorgeous adventure-stories for children for Christmas. I think, though, the French child is all right. I was at the Châtelet the other night for "Les Aventures du Capitaine Corcoran," and to see the children enjoying Assolant's famous story with bated breath or with heated frenzy of admiration showed no particular degeneracy in their direction.

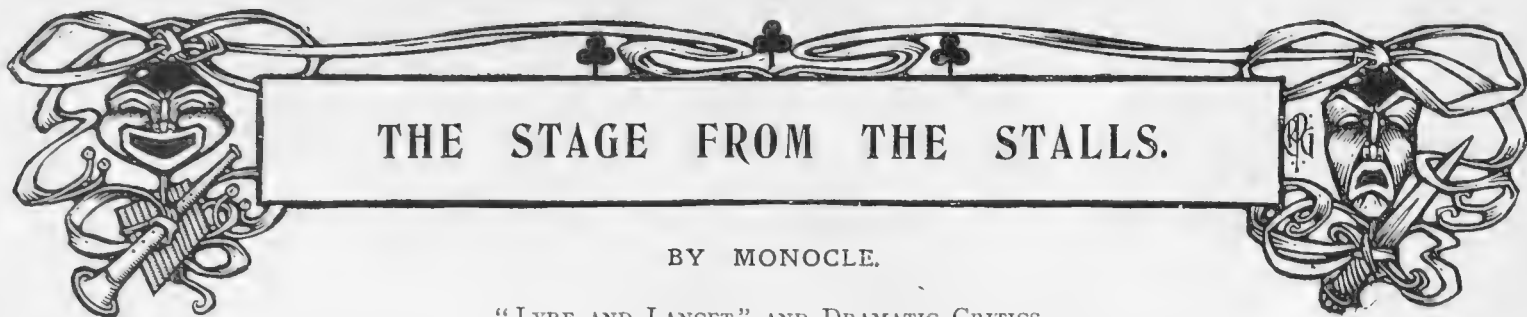
A Sportsman's Paradise.

Morocco is quite a miniature paradise for sportsmen at this time of the year, and I often wonder why it is not patronised to a larger extent by folks who have leisure, must winter in the sunshine, and desire some good sport. Except in certain districts round Tangier, wherein the late Sir John Drummond Hay instituted a close season, there is open shooting all the year round, and the natives are accustomed to shoot birds sitting, for, as they argue so naïvely, when the bird begins to fly you may miss it. Cartridges are too dear for them to run risks.



EUTERPE, THE MUSE OF LYRIC POETRY.

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY MONOCLE.

"LYRE AND LANCET" AND DRAMATIC CRITICS.

IN "Lyre and Lancet," the question seems to arise whether the authors really intended to write drama in the normal sense of the word or merely meant to give a new kind of quasi-dramatic entertainment. "The Man from Blankley's" was hardly what is called "a well-built play," but was a master-piece of constructive skill compared with Mr. Anstey's new piece, in the writing of which he has had the help of Mr. Peile, who is not without experience and knowledge, and it seems incredible that the abandonment of elementary technical rules can be accidental in "Lyre and Lancet." Had the works come in a different order, we should have rejoiced in the fact that a genuine humorist like Mr. Anstey showed such progress in the difficult art of play-writing, and have made enthusiastic prophecies, since there is a freshness in Mr. Anstey's humour, though it is by no means fastidious, which should render him a delightful playwright.

If, then, the unconventionality of "Lyre and Lancet" is intentional, one can but think of the danger of wilfully breaking rules of which you have little knowledge. It is needless to go so far as the famous musician who, when accused of breaking rules, haughtily pointed out that the rules which he broke were rules that he had made, but possible to stop half-way and say that in the arts people who break rules unwittingly rarely break them usefully. This may sound a little inconsistent with my suggestion that the authors have intended to be revolutionary, but my feeling is that there has been a breach of rules whose existence is known to them but the reasons for and wisdom of which they have not appreciated.

Now, the rules are chiefly founded on good sense. Play-writing is easy and also difficult, because so few of its rules are really technical, and one may add that most are purely empirical, and, being based on somewhat unstable conventions, are not quite constant. Even the famous unities which for centuries cramped dramatists are no longer used as rules, although one can often see that the weakness of a piece is due to an infraction of them. Among the rules that the beginner must not break is this: that you must not have two heroes. "Heroes," of course, is a term that I do not use in its dignified sense. If your play is founded on that easiest and most worn-out basis of farce, "mistaken identity," and A is to be taken for B and B for A, to deal with them as of equal importance is to run the risk of making neither of much account. One of them and his adventures must be subordinated to the other. In "Lyre and Lancet," either Spurrell or Undershell should be treated as the principal personage, and the misfortunes of the other handled as a minor matter; but the authors have tried to get an equal amount of fun out of both, and *therefore* failed to get a great deal out of either. The "therefore" really stands for some such phrase as "because they have no great dexterity." With great skill and a third Act, they might have triumphed; if, indeed, the mistakes of identity had led to any intrigue, which was hardly the case. In fact, since I did not notice the statement that the play was in two Acts only—a rare form—until five minutes before the end of the piece, I was waiting with curiosity for the beginning of the long-delayed plot. It is quite a funny idea to have a "vet" and a poet visit an aristocratic country-house—which, by-the-bye, must have given pit and gallery a strange idea of aristocratic manners—and cause them to be mistaken for one another, but the fun soon fades away unless the imbroglio leads to some definite intrigue, preferably involving both. Unfortunately, this sort of indiscretion does happen, with really injurious consequences. The public, no doubt, makes no attempt to discover the reason why the piece hangs fire. Theirs, like the soldier, is "not to reason why"; but, if not actively conscious of the cause, they feel the effect, and notice that the piece is not getting any "furrader," that the fun does not grow faster, and that, in a word, there is nothing of a *crescendo* of fun in the farce. One might apply usefully to the criticism of plays certain diagrammatic contrivances like those suggested by Sterne as indicative of the course of his famous story, and, using the musical symbols of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*, nicely exhibit the degrees of passion, humour, and so on, and the point at which the work reaches *fortissimo*, as well as the generally sudden declension to a close, which in modern pieces is often a mere imperfect cadence.

Certainly there are many clever little scenes in "Lyre and Lancet," and, indeed, if you go with your mind made up simply to watch the individual scenes before you, and not to try to consider them in relation to any general scheme of humour, you will find the play very amusing, for the authors have been exceedingly clever in giving a breath of life to their too numerous characters, many of which are capital thumb-nail sketches and very deftly played as well: for instance, the stud-groom, acted by Mr. Littledale Power; the butler,

in which part Mr. Wyes is vastly funny; and the boy, excellently played by Master Vane. Mr. Giddens, who represents Spurrell, has a task easy for an actor of his ability and is very amusing without exaggeration, whilst Miss Lettice Fairfax acts charmingly the part of his sweetheart. The humours of the minor poet are so monotonous that one can hardly blame Mr. Cosmo Stuart for lack of variety in his presentation of the foppish, decadent bard who affects the appearance of Rostand and the manners of an English clique which, I fancy, is dying out. I cannot close my remarks without referring to the pretty ending of the piece, in which little love-passages are charmingly worked into phrases half chanted during a dance of "Sir Roger de Coverley." It is a clever contrivance suggestive of Mr. Barrie, and of him at his best.

Perhaps what I have said concerning the duty of the critics "to reason why" tends to answer the question as to the utility of the dramatic critics raised at the O.P. Club. The business of the critic in all times and in all branches of art is to discover and expound rules of art. Of course, he is not to manufacture *à priori* rules for the production of master-pieces, but to deduce from the perfections and imperfections of existing works the laws of their being, and so help in constructing canons of taste, and to some extent give assistance in the task of creation. Their limitations are obvious, and Opie's famous answer to the question as to what he mixed his paints with, "I mix them with brains," goes far to show the nature of the limitations. There is not, however, any art without its technical rules, and in almost all cases they have been discovered, or rather, formulated, and expounded by the critics. No one seriously can doubt that an author may profit from a sincere analysis of his work by a person who has carefully studied similar works and has a natural aptitude for analysis. Of course, reporters, or even descriptive reporters, are not necessarily analysts; indeed, few, though some, are. Some authors do not profit because they are too vain. I have heard a dramatist, when asked why he had written a scene in a certain way, reply, "Oh, that was the only way; it had to be written that way," just as if he were a kind of conduit pipe for celestial inspiration, and, like the King, could do no wrong. That author, alas, is unteachable, and, though very clever, has had surprising failures. It may be pointed out that the public is often deceived as to the aid rendered by the dramatic critics. A play is produced, harsh things are said of it, grave defects are pointed out, suggestions for amendment are made, and so people say, not untruly, that the critics have "slated it"; a sensible author or powerful manager takes it in hand and amends it, runs it courageously through some cruel weeks, and it becomes successful. It is then quoted as an instance of the inability of the critics to kill a play, and those who see it only after its amendment think that the critics have been unjust in their original censure, and I fear that sometimes those—the author or manager—who profited by the criticism deny the debt and pretend that the amendments came from their own discoveries. Roughly speaking, the heterogeneous collection of persons called the dramatic critics give the only voiced opinions of the public. The box-office can tell the manager that his piece is unsuccessful, but, of course, cannot explain the sometimes remediable causes of the failure, but the critics can and do.

The humorists have been saying, since the *Western Morning News* libel case, that a new use for the critics has been found; but it appears that we have only seen the first Act of that judicial farce which I hope will prove tragical to the plaintiff in the Court of Appeal. For the absurd verdict of the Jury appears to strike at criticism in all the arts, and will apply as much to comment on a novel, a picture, or a musical composition as on a play. Yet good may come out of this verdict, since it strikes at anonymity. The indiscreet Jurors in letters to the *Times* speak of being influenced by inconsistent criticisms in the paper, and of their idea that these showed there was something not "above-board" in the case—a conclusion not more illogical than many of the conclusions of the British Jury. If, however, instead of there being apparently inconsistent judgments by one entity, the two articles had been signed and with different signatures, although, no doubt, there would have been much jesting about the conflict of opinions, the Jury could hardly have had this delusion about unfair play. It is very strange that the system of anonymity should still prevail, seeing how many strong arguments there are against it and how few in its favour. I believe the real objection felt by proprietors to signatures is in the fear lest the result of disclosing the identity of the critic would be an increase of his importance and a demand for a higher rate of pay.



MISS LILY BRAYTON IN PRIVATE DRESS.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

ON A WILD-FOWL DECOY.

AT this season of the year, the score or two of decoys to be found on the coast of Great Britain are busily engaged, and once or twice in the week their varied spoils arrive at the markets. Decoys are large, round ponds covering one or two acres, and situated not far from the sea-coast, in some secluded spot. Round the pond at intervals are pipes—trenches shaped rather like a cow's horn, and narrowing gradually from a breadth of about twenty feet where they leave the pond. A little way from the point of departure the pipes are covered with netting, and from the start

the pond in full possession of their strength and liberty. He has their two great faults of greed and curiosity to help him, but he cannot afford the luxury of a single mistake, or, at best, he would get no birds, and, at worst, they would leave the pond *en masse* and would not return.

Moving stealthily, his dog at heel, and carrying a piece of smouldering peat on a fork in front of his face, that not even the keenest bird can scent him, the decoy-man reaches the pipe down which the wind is blowing, and throws a handful of corn over the screen on to the water by the mouth of the pipe. The decoy-ducks, ever on the watch for food, pounce upon it, and some few of the wild-fowl, greedy enough to prefer food to rest, join in the scramble. Again the soft shower of corn comes fluttering down, and once more there is a rush for it, a rush that brings certain birds nearer the pipe. Then, at a sign from his master, the dog shows himself between the screen and the water for a few seconds. The dog is always fox-coloured, and some people think the wild-fowl take it for a fox, and advance to frighten it away; others, with whom I am more inclined to agree, believe that curiosity alone avails and brings the wild-fowl along. Whatever the cause, the effect is undeniable; slowly but surely, a certain number of the wild birds—mallard, widgeon, and teal—are attracted by the decoy-ducks, the food, and the dog away from the pond and into the pipe. Owing to the pipe's peculiar curve, they never see the end of it; they do not notice that it is netted overhead, that it is gradually becoming narrower and more shallow.

When the decoy-man thinks dog and ducks have done all they can for him, and a fair number of birds can be seen under the netting, he runs back and stands near the mouth of the pipe, out of sight of the mass of birds on the broad surface of the pond, but in full view of their unfortunate comrades, who rise in wild flight down the ever-narrowing pipe to the purse, or bag-net, where they can move no further. Quickly as possible the decoy-man follows, gives the first loop of the bag-net a twist, and the birds are captured. The decoy-ducks did not rise with the rest; they waited on the water, and then went leisurely back to the pond. The decoy-man goes to the far end of the bag-net and takes the captives out one by one, killing them as he does so. Less than one hundred yards away, the great mass of birds rests quite undisturbed upon the water. When all the victims are collected, they are taken to the game-larder to await the coming of the market carrier, and the decoy-man settles down to wait for the next favourable opportunity. It may be a matter of hours or of days, but when it comes he will take full advantage of it.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



ONE OF THE DECOY PIPES.

they are screened by rush palisades arranged in a kind of *échelon* formation, as shown in the above photograph.

All the pond as well as the pipes being screened from view, the birds cannot be alarmed by any innocent wayfarer who may pass over the adjacent land, and their sense of security is increased by the trees and thick undergrowth that are permitted to run riot in the decoy-pond's neighbourhood.

Somewhere in the vicinity of the pond the decoy-man has his cottage, and, though his summer-time is pleasant enough, when he sits in the sun and mends the netting of the pipes, or does any other repairs that may be necessary, his winter discipline is of the strictest. So soon as the birds begin to come to the pond, he may not roast a piece of meat or even smoke his pipe when the wind is blowing past his cottage to the pond, and in the depth of wintry weather, when the pond is ice-bound, he must go out in the cold small hours and break the ice before the wild-fowl pass over from their feeding-grounds at break of day. Many decoy-men live alone and have no other companion than a dog or pair of dogs trained for special decoy-work. On the pond there are a few decoy-ducks, bred on the spot and accustomed to travel a little way along the pipes to obtain their food.

When the weather turns cold, the wild-fowl begin to come to the pond in hundreds. As they fly over the land in the early morning, they spy the fresh water, and, coming down, settle on it with a splash. Once settled, they enjoy a wash and preen their feathers, and then remain at ease until sunset, when, at an appointed time, they rise with a great whirr of wings and return to their feeding-places on the main. Unless the wind helps the decoy-man, he need make no effort to tempt any of them up one of the pipes—it will be a waste of time, and often he is idle for days together with five or six hundred wild-fowl on the pond. Among his virtues the decoy-man must include patience.

At last the patience is rewarded, the wind chooses a favourable direction, and one day the decoy-man is free to match his cunning against the shy, strong-winged birds that sit idly upon



THE RESULT OF THE WORK.

NEW YORK—INSIDE · OUT.

IV.—NEW YORK'S PARK SYSTEM: A DAY AT THE "ZOO."

FOR a comparatively "new town," New York has made a very good start in life so far as her system of parks is concerned.

Though the lower sections of New York City are too narrow to admit of much space being given up to gardens and parks, the upper portions—the residential part—can boast of many public open spaces. New York's total park acreage is 6766, while London, one of the greatest "park cities" in the world, has but 2500 acres of parks. It is true, the London parks are in the places where they are most needed—the crowded districts; but, as New York is building outward in a northerly direction, those sections will in time also become congested with humanity, and then the parks will manifest their usefulness.

All of New York's parks are connected—excepting the smaller ones at the lower end of the city—by broad drive-ways, on the sides of which are asphalted strips for the use of cyclists. When the present park system is completed, New York will have twenty-six miles of continuous drive-ways. Riverside Drive, which extends along the Hudson River for a distance of seventeen thousand feet, is from

Within the "Zoo" grounds is a very extensive "Administration Building" for the housing of the scientists and their assistants who have charge of the animals.

At the present time, the Reptile House seems to be the principal "drawing-card" of the New York "Zoo." They have here some enormous snakes of the python type, one of which is nearly twenty-seven feet long.

A favourite pastime of New Yorkers on Saturday afternoons is to go to the "Zoo" to see the snakes fed. It seems that the keepers of the reptiles at the New York "Zoo" experience much difficulty in making the great snakes take proper nourishment. Periodically, these snakes have to be taken from their cages and "stuffed" with guinea-pigs, plucked chickens, and other delicacies. "Snake-feeding Day" at the New York "Zoo" draws thousands of spectators, some of them from distant parts of the State of New York and elsewhere.

It takes about a dozen strong men to persuade a twenty-seven-foot python to partake of nourishment. Two men with blankets first go



FEEDING THE TWENTY-SEVEN-FOOT PYTHON IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO."

Photograph by Lazarnick, New York.

ninety to a hundred and sixty-eight feet wide, and commands a magnificent view of the Hudson River, America's most scenic waterway.

The Zoological Park is nearly a mile long and is about three-fifths of a mile wide. It contains two good-sized lakes—Bronx Lake and Lake Agassiz—and has thirty-four acres of still water. The New York Zoological Society has been organised only since 1895, but already the city is beginning to boast of the finest "Zoo" in America. It is rivalled only by the London "Zoo" in number and kind of animal life; but, in respect to space and area, the New York "Zoo" is probably the largest in the world. The plan of the Zoological Park includes that every animal, or rather, each family of animals, is provided with sufficient room to live with almost as much freedom as if it were at large. For instance, there is a "buffalo range" on which a whole herd of buffalo, some twenty in number, may roam, occupying a space about equal to what would be taken up by ten city blocks.

Wide roadways for driving extend through the Zoological Park in every direction, and one may drive a whole afternoon visiting the abodes of the various animals. A very unique institution in the New York "Zoo" is what is known as the "Flying-bird Cage." This cage is the largest of its kind in the world, being fifty-five feet high, seventy-two feet wide, and a hundred and fifty-five feet long. Large oak and other trees grow in this cage, and the birds live within its wire-netting bounds with utmost freedom. The frame of the cage is built of iron pipes, which are covered over with thin-meshed netting.

into the cage and cover up the heads of all snakes not interested in the performance. The head of Mr. Python is then covered up, and, while he is wondering what the trouble is, the two men pounce on his neck, and, grabbing him just back of where his ears would be if he had any, they drag a portion of the snake from the cage.

Ten or more men now lay hold of the refractory abstainer, and, quickly dragging him from the cage, close the door. The snake, wriggling and throwing the men about in a rather lively fashion, is then brought out into the Reptile House and his body is kept straight by the muscular exertion of all the men. A string of guinea-pigs, or other food, is then placed on a stick, the jaws of the now subdued python are forced open, and he is "stuffed."

After being fed, the snake is put back in the cage. He crawls into some warm water in a tank, looking rather outraged, and goes to sleep for a few weeks to forget his troubles and, incidentally, to digest the meal. As there are several "big snakes" at the New York "Zoo," there are one or two "feeds" every week or two.

Most of the monkeys at the "Zoo" have had their "busts" done in clay by Mr. Proctor. The simians seem to enjoy "sitting" for artists, and will keep still for an hour or more at a time while their statues are being made. These statues are used for decorating the buildings. Most of the monkeys are taught "table manners," and many of them eat with spoons and forks, drink out of bottles, and dine from little tables of their own.

W. B. NORTHROP.

MR. C. B. FRY,

THE FINEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE IN THE BRITISH ISLES.

THOUGH the cricketing fraternity will probably claim for Mr. C. B. Fry his greatest distinction as a cricketer, yet he has achieved fame as a football-player and as an athlete, and he has no inconsiderable skill as a fisherman. His record at Oxford was probably unique, for he was Captain of the University Association Football Team, President of the University Athletic Club and of the



MR. C. B. FRY COMPLYING WITH A REQUEST FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH.

As a runner, Mr. Fry began at long distances, but it was as a sprinter at a hundred yards that he achieved celebrity, running a dead heat for Oxford against Cambridge in 1893. In 1895, however, he finished last, in consequence of a momentary lapse of attention, and inattention is fatal to the chances of any runner who does not concentrate all his energies during the ten seconds or so such a race lasts. Mr. Fry got a good lead at the start, and was so much ahead when he began the last third of the course that his winning seemed a dead certainty. Then he began to wonder where his comrade was, a thought which caused every one of the other runners to pass him without his being able to overtake them.

As a footballer, Mr. Fry began to play at nine, at a school at Chislehurst, but at Repton, at about thirteen, he endeavoured to charge one of the masters, Mr. Harry Vassall, the great Rugby forward, who weighed something like seventeen stone. The result was disastrous, but not to the master, and it was a year before "C. B." could be given his place in the school team. At Oxford he played all the four years he was there, but since those times he has played chiefly for the Corinthians.

Mr. Fry could not have been more than about seven when he was initiated into the mysteries of cricket, through the kindness of two gentlemen, one of whom lived next-door to his parents. He used to watch them practising over a quickset hedge, and one day they invited him over. He went, and, as he has written in his reminiscences, "after that, whenever they practised, I went to look over the hedge to cadge an invitation," and he always got it. After that, he attended every local cricket-match, and from one of the magnates of the neighbourhood learnt that "forward play is the thing," advice which he followed resolutely for many years, until he met "Ranji," whose advice is exactly the opposite, and now, whenever he follows the tactics of the great Indian who plays for Sussex, Mr. Fry invariably scores well. In his third year at Oxford, Mr. Fry had the satisfaction of making a hundred not out in the inter-University match, a feat which must have astonished his critics, for his average before that had been only seven.

Since those days Mr. Fry's record has been remarkable, and no one needs telling what it is, for is it not written in the chronicles of the times? Nowadays, at his home in Hampshire, where he practises during the winter, he has trained his dogs to fetch the balls, and they retrieve so well that he has christened them his "ground staff." Those who believe in the adage, "Like father, like son," will be interested in watching the career of his sturdy little son, Stephen, who, though only four, takes a good deal of interest in athleticism.



"YOU 'LL NOT BELIEVE I STUDY, BUT I DO."

University Cricket Club, all in the same year, 1893. That hard work is by no means incompatible with hard play, that distinction for physical prowess is by no means incompatible with mental attainments, is proved by the fact that he took honours in *Literæ Humaniores*.

It was about the age of six that "C. B." first began to take a serious interest in athletics of any sort, moved thereto by the desire of emulating the prowess of an uncle who, he had heard, was able to jump six feet. He began to practise, and even at that early age he used his brains in practising, for he soon made the observation that he was able to jump higher with his bare feet than he could when he had on his boots. Some few years after, he realised that he could really jump, the knowledge coming to him in the most dramatic way. He had a dog which he has himself described as "an ugly, one-eyed fox-terrier called Dan," and in a recent number of the *Strand Magazine* he related the incident: "One evening, up in the meadow above our garden, he came out of a hedge, walking sideways, looking more evil than ever, and foaming at the mouth. I took two steps, cleared a ditch and a highish hedge, dropped ten feet into our garden, and was up a slim plum-tree before you could say 'knife.' Dan came slowly after and squatted at the bottom, but he brought a toad in his mouth, and I perceived he was not mad beyond the degree of trying to eat the toad. So I came down, got a saucer of water to make sure about the dog, and then went to look at what I had jumped over. It was much higher than my head, not to mention the ditch. It was many years before I jumped as high again." Then he cleared 5 ft. 9½ in.

It was, however, in the long jump that Mr. Fry particularly distinguished himself, and in the inter-University sports of 1892 he made a record which is still unbroken by covering 23 ft. 5 in. That, however, is not the best he ever did, for in the Trial Sports at Oxford in the following year he exceeded that distance by an inch and a-half, and that though he had practised only three times for it, and had "spiked" his big toe in landing in the pit, so that he had almost decided not to take part in the Sports at all. Great as was his achievement on that occasion, it did not represent his actual best, for he "did not take off actually on the board," as he has himself recorded, but nine inches behind it, so that his jump was really 24 ft. 3½ in.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

XXII.—MR. C. B. FRY.



"BEFORE YOUR TIME—A WELCOME FAILING."



"FIRST, COME AND SEE SOME AUTUMN CRICKET."



"BY ZEUS, THE BALL IS OVER AGAIN!"



"BUT THE GROUND STAFF IS EFFICIENT."



"SKIPPING COMES BEFORE FOOTBALL."



"LAWN FOOTBALL, I ASSURE YOU, IS EASY."



"JUMPING? WELL, HERE'S 5 FT. 6 IN. FOR YOU."



"THIS IS A DRY-FLY NEIGHBOURHOOD."



"THIS IS MY SON, STEPHEN; HE DESIRES TO BID YOU FAREWELL."

MY VISITING LIST.

BY AN ECLECTIC HOSTESS.

I --MR. J. M. BARRIE.

MANY people who have met Mr. Barrie only once or twice always wonder why he occupies so prominent a place upon my visiting list, and marvel how it is that I am for ever trying to get him to come to those little dinners which, I flatter myself, are not the least popular among London entertainments. My taste for "lions" they appreciate, but, poor things, a quiet, reserved "lion" who leaves tail-lashing and teeth-gnashing to those who require such vulgar advertisement has no interest for them. They refuse to admire what to me is so admirable—a reserved novelist who started with half-a-crown and has reached the prime of life with six figures to his credit. Therefore, they are always saying, "I can't think what she can see in him!"

But though I despise my friends' lack of discernment, I should be unfair if I said that I could not understand it. For, on the face of it—or him—Mr. Barrie is not a brilliant person—especially in Society. Nature has made him insignificant of stature. I am always tempted to bid my butler put a cushion on his chair whenever I can persuade him to dine with me. Nature, too, has made him Scotch, and very reserved even for a Scotchman, and so shy that I wasn't the least surprised to hear that he once sought refuge under the stage upon "Author" being called on the first-night of one of his pieces. If we have to wait a quarter of an hour before going in to dinner, I always expect to find that he has taken refuge in the coal-cellar. And a man who is Scotch, reserved, and shy is, I admit, not the most desirable of dinner-table neighbours, the more especially if he is not understood; and, of course, I can't always put him next to me. People are so spiteful.

But if you once get to know Mr. Barrie and can draw him out, you will find that he is a very different man from what you first supposed. Scratch the Barrie and you will find the author, and the author, as you ought to know, is an extremely amusing, witty little person, with a great vein of pathos and a considerable knowledge of human nature. Indeed, as a very dear friend said to me, "The more you meet Mr. Barrie, the less you wonder how he ever had the courage to propose to his charming wife, or to buy a St. Bernard dog that is almost as big as himself and can knock him over like a ninepin." Without the slightest exaggeration, I declare that I have known Mr. Barrie keep a roomful of people in roars of laughter at his sallies. I have also known him to keep his mouth shut for a whole evening. The fact is, he will not what my husband calls "brill," save for his intimates, and I respect him for it, though I have really found him rather tiresome sometimes.

The way not to draw Mr. Barrie out is to talk to him about his books. I remember a girl once who sat next to him and began by

saying, "Oh, dear Mr. Barrie, how delightful to meet you! I have just read 'The Little Minister.'" Not one single remark did that poor thing get out of my little author for the rest of the evening; indeed, I expected every minute to find him under the table. He's proud of his work, of course, and likes a delicate compliment; but he's too shy for that kind of thing. By far the best way to compliment him is by letter. And then—if you're lucky—you may get a letter back, and Mr. Barrie's letters are things to keep. With him, letter-writing is an art. They are not the usual harum-scarum scribbles of to-day, but miniature essays in style and always full of such nice things.

Mr. Barrie, I believe, began his literary career (I think that's what they call it) by writing letters to some Scotch paper on school reform. Then he tried his hand at a three-volume novel, which, I am told, a publisher offered to publish for a hundred pounds, as the work of a clever young lady. After that, of course, he became a journalist—a real, serious journalist—on some provincial paper somewhere. The result of that was that somebody discovered him—I believe it was Mr. Frederick Greenwood; and Ella Tomkins, who writes the *Society Letter* for *Home Blitherings*, tells me that, once you're discovered, you're sure to do well. She is still waiting for discovery, I believe, poor dear. To-day, of course, dear little Mr. Barrie is a rich man and has got two plays running at the same time—one about the Crichton family, I hear, though I didn't think he knew them; but, of course, he's made a lot of new friends since I first took him up. As poor Lord Randolph Churchill once said, I think, "One never can keep one's lions to oneself."

You'd never think Mr. Barrie was much of a man's man, but my husband gets on famously with him, though he wishes he wouldn't wear black dress-ties and that he'd have a few lessons in billiards. He says he keeps the table waiting

so long at the Club; but when you think of his height, it's wonderful to me that he plays at all. By the way, I do hope he won't see this letter, for he's rather a touchy little person and I wouldn't offend him for worlds. You've no idea how careful one has to be with these artistic people. Apropos of this, whenever you talk to a dramatist, be very careful never to call his play a melodrama, whatever you may think it is. You don't know how they hate the word, though, I believe, those Drury Lane things pay very well indeed. Call a play a play and any author's play perfection, and you can't make a mistake.

Though it might not be thought so, I know I shan't offend Mr. Barrie by talking about his little height. The people of his old village used to call him "Puir Jamie," he tells me. But a man with a head like his couldn't help succeeding. It's full of brains, obviously; and because he doesn't show his talent to the first comer is no earthly reason why I shouldn't keep him at the top of my visiting list.



Father (to small son, who has accidentally hit his mother's mother with a ball): "You young rascal, I'll thrash you if you're not more careful. You might have broken a window!"

TWO TYPICAL GIBSON DRAWINGS.

(See Page 182.)



"UNLUCKY AT CARDS, LUCKY IN LOVE."



MODERN CELEBRITIES.

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR OF "THE BARRENNESS OF UNKISSED KISSES" AND A FAMOUS DRAMATIST.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. John Lane and James Henderson from "The Social Ladder," by Charles Dana Gibson. (John Lane.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. HENRY SETON MERRIMAN'S new novel, which will be called "Barlasch of the Guards" and will be published serially next year, is a story of the Napoleonic Wars, and Napoleon himself plays an important part in the plot.

I hear that the advance sales in the Colonies of De Wet's book, "The Three Years' War," have been enormous. It is rumoured that the orders from Australasia exceeded fifty thousand copies—certainly a record in Colonial sales.

Mr. John Murray will publish very shortly a curious work on the French Revolution of 1848. The author is the Baroness Bonde, an Irish lady who was the wife of a Dutch gentleman residing officially in Paris at that time. The Baroness wrote down her personal impressions at the time of prominent French men and women concerned in the Revolution, or otherwise conspicuous in the public, social, and literary life of the hour. Her book is said to contain interesting new information relating to Louis Blanc, George Sand, and many others.

The new book by Mr. Walter Savage Landor, author of "In the Forbidden Land," will be entitled "Across Coveted Lands; or, A Journey from Flushing to Calcutta, Overland." Although Persia, Baluchistan, and Afghanistan are described from the politico-international point of view, the main theme of the book is the discussion from a traveller's standpoint of the question which Persia holds in the light of British and Russian aggression in Asia. Cable despatches from St. Petersburg and elsewhere have left no doubt of the fact that Russia contemplates the control of Persia and the gaining of a port on the Persian Gulf. Mr. Landor's forthcoming book explains in detail Russia's plans, their significance to the civilised world, together with suggestions as to how the Slavonic scheme for a great Asiatic Empire may be met by quick action from the Indian Government.

The discussion as to the authorship of "The Confessions of a Wife" goes on merrily in America, and is, of course, advertising the book with admirable success. Here is the latest puzzle which is put before readers—

What American author always gives her heroine a dog, long white skirts, a passionate sensitiveness to perfume, a profound reverence for her doctor, an indefinite but lofty ideal of matrimonial happiness, indifference almost amounting to aversion to marriage before the ceremony, and voluble assertion of devotion afterwards? What author always endows children with a doll of wondrous ugliness, and makes them carry it upside down or by one leg, and causes them to give it an absurd name? What author always bestows an unexceptionable father upon her heroine, but separates him from his son-in-law by a lack of sympathy? What author always makes music the means by which the other woman appeals to the husband? In what story now on the point of completion are all these persons and traits to be found? Is the story a clever parody of the author, or merely a piece of her work issued under a pseudonym?

I should be very much surprised indeed if the answer is not "Elizabeth Stuart Phelps," whose new novel, "Avery," by the way, has just been issued. It is not a little curious that "Avery" is a tale of "husband and wife, of a noble love, of a passing act of neglect and its tremendous consequences, of all-but superhuman skill and heroism on the part of a physician; and it has a most happy ending. The use which the author so well knows how to make of supernatural influences is strikingly illustrated." If "The Confessions of a Wife" is not by

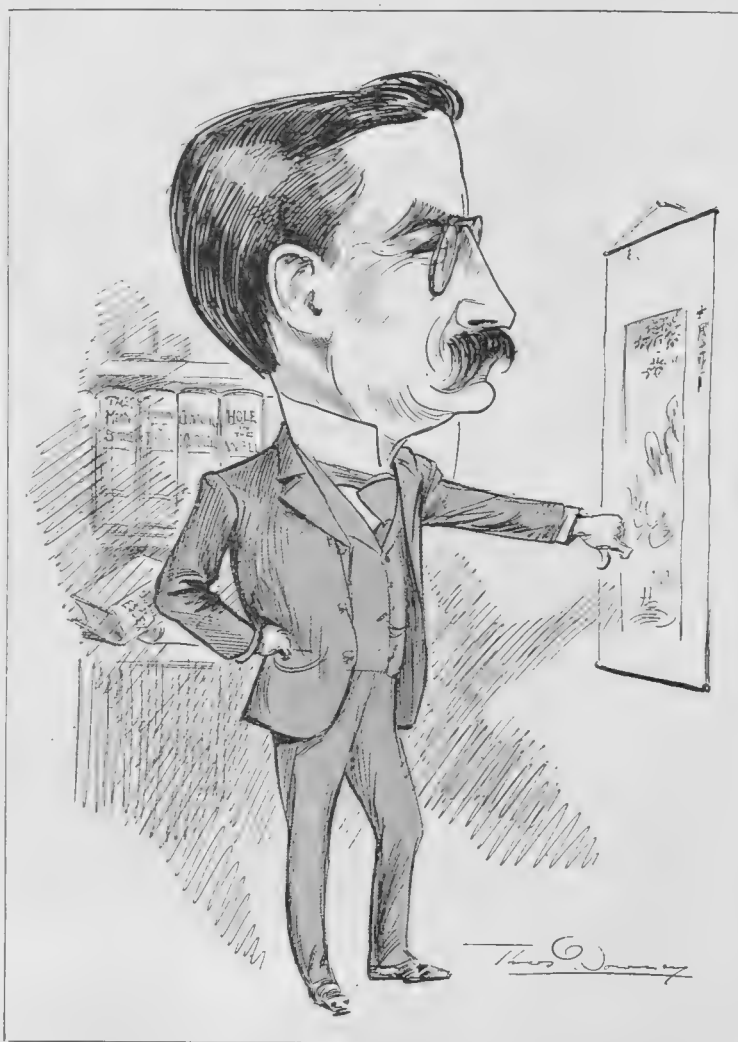
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, it is certainly by one who has studied her style and peculiarities with surprising success.

I have just been enjoying Mr. Adrian Joline's "Meditations of an Autograph Collector," which has just been issued in this country, and from which I have reproduced one or two interesting letters in this column. Mr. Joline's book is thoroughly entertaining reading. The "Collector's" comments and meditations are, for the most part, bright and amusing, but the value of his literary judgments may be gauged from the following choice estimate of Sir Walter Scott—

The novels of Sir Walter Scott appear to retain a good deal of their original popularity, for editions continue to be printed and purchased; but it may be that this is not evidence that they are read by the purchasers. Wealth is so widely distributed in these days and our country has been so wonderfully prosperous that private libraries have greatly increased in number, and the owners must necessarily possess "The Waverley Novels." I am almost ashamed to confess that, while I have felt it incumbent upon me to acquire two "sets," I have not been able during the past twenty years to fasten my attention upon any of the tales, excepting only one of the poorest of them, according to the decree of the critics, "Count Robert of Paris," a story which I liked as a boy, and which, in modern English terminology, I should say is "not half bad."

It is just eight years since Mr. Arthur Morrison, whose book, "The Hole in the Wall," has more than sustained his reputation, first appeared in the ranks of the novelists. It was as an uncompromising realist that he made his first serious literary effort, and his "Tales of Mean Streets" were considered by some critics to err on the side of cruelty. Since then, he has sounded other notes, and has achieved success even in the too-well-trodden path of detective fiction. But his forte lies in the work which brought him his earliest fame, and whenever he touches such themes as "A Child of the Jago," the reading world has more than usual to say of Arthur Morrison. Like so many other story-tellers, Mr. Morrison came into his own by way of journalism, which he entered in 1890. Previously, he had been engaged in secretarial work. The Press claimed him for two years only; then he found himself as a teller of tales. He is still on the right side of

O. O.



KIND CARICATURES. V.—MR. ARTHUR MORRISON.

He has a Reputation as a Japanese Expert.

forty, a cyclist, a connoisseur in art, and a member of the Savage Club. He has nine novels to his name, or more than one a-year since he began.

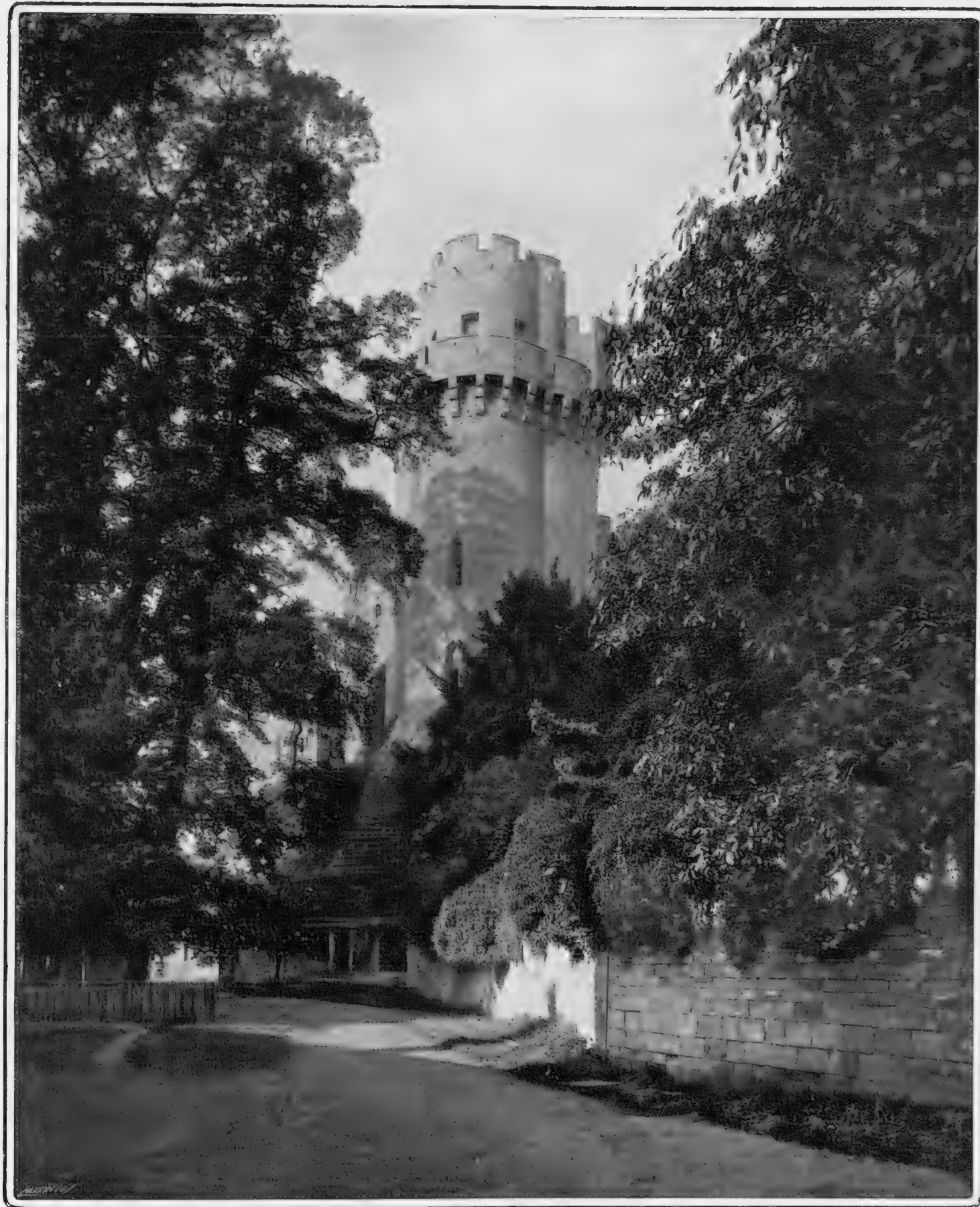
"THE SOCIAL LADDER."

Under this title the seventh book in the regular series of Mr. C. D. Gibson's published drawings has just been issued. The eighty-four cartoons reproduced are all in Mr. Gibson's well-known style, and vary from simple though beautiful studies of heads of the "Gibson girl" type to more elaborate pictures, mostly of the grimly satirical kind. "The Studies in Expression" are remarkably good, particularly humorous being "An Imitation of the Lady of the House," in which a saucy upper servant mimics an affected mistress, to the huge delight of the inmates of the kitchen, including a New York "Robert" who is taking tea with the cook. The book is published in New York by R. H. Russell, and in London by John Lane. It is published in Great Britain by special arrangement with Mr. James Henderson, the proprietor of the English copyright of some of the drawings.



BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES:
XV.—WARWICK CASTLE.

(See "Small Talk of the Week.")



CÆSAR'S TOWER.

Photograph by H. N. King, London.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES: WARWICK CASTLE.



THE PRINCIPAL FRONT AND COURTYARD.



THE RIVER FRONT.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES: WARWICK CASTLE.



THE OLD GATE AND BRIDGE.



VIEW FROM THE STATE BEDROOM, SHOWING THE OLD MILL AND RIVER AVON.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

.BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES: WARWICK CASTLE.



GUY'S, CLOCK, AND CÆSAR'S TOWERS, FROM THE COURTYARD MOUND.



THE CEDAR OF LEBANON AND ENGLISH LARCHES.

Photographs by H. N. King, London.

SIX NEW BOOKS.

"THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD."By J. M. BARRIE.
(Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

It is fairly safe to predict that ninety-nine per cent. of Mr. Barrie's admirers who take up this book expecting to find a Barrie novel will be bitterly disappointed. For the book is not a novel; indeed, it is hard to classify, but one may set it down as an elaborate prose-poem of child life. Nor will anyone be able to say off-hand whether the gifted author intends the book for children or grown-up people; if for children, then it is to be feared that they will not understand it; if for grown-up people, then it is almost certain that they will be bored by it. At any rate, that is the feeling of the present reviewer, on the matter, and, despite an almost passionate admiration for some of Mr. Barrie's work, he is bound, in justice to his public, to speak as he feels. Of course, there is a literary charm about the volume as a whole; some of the chapters are almost worthy of the dear old Barrie that we have grown to love. But it has all been written with that fatal facility so condemned of Dickens. "You see, he had no one to tell him how children really play, for the fairies are all more or less in hiding until dusk, and so know nothing, and though the birds pretended that they could tell him a good deal, when the time for telling came, it was wonderful how little they really knew." And so on and so forth. First Mr. Kipling and now Mr. Barrie. It only remains for Seton Merriman and Conan Doyle to print their nursery stories and we shall know that the milk-and-water craze has begun in earnest.

"TALES ABOUT TEMPERAMENTS."By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.
(Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

This volume is made up of three stories and two short plays. One of the plays, "The Repentance," will be remembered as having been performed not long ago at the St. James's Theatre. In a prefatory note, the author rather goes out of her way to tell the reader that, although the public did not understand the little piece, the critics liked it very much. The other play, "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting," was done for Miss Ellen Terry. The stories are written with all that charm of style and intimate knowledge following on clever observation that we have come to expect from John Oliver Hobbs. In the second one, "Tis an Ill Flight without Wings," a quite original character is introduced in the person of Dr. Simwell. "His sentiments were delicate, but his senses were robust; he liked short Sabbaths full of praise, and long glasses full of cheer; he preferred beauty before decorum, the society of wits at a feast rather than the conversation of fellow labourers in the vineyard of the Lord." Whilst laughing with Dr. Simwell, one is pious enough to hope that he came to a distressing and monitory end.

"RANDOM REMINISCENCES."By C. H. E. BROOKFIELD.
(Arnold. 14s.)

Autobiographies, inevitably, are of more interest to the authors than to anyone else; sometimes, they are interesting to the friends of the author; as a rule, they are of no particular interest to the general reader. In the case of Mr. Brookfield, however, he has known so many eminent people, has such an excellent memory, and writes so brightly that his volume of anecdotes should have a large sale amongst theatrical and literary folk. One of the neatest things occurs on the second page of the volume, in a letter from the author's head-master to Mr. Brookfield senior. In the course of the letter, the worthy pedagogue, with a shrewd eye to business, gives a broad hint to the doting parent in this way: "I shall arrange the marks so that next term three prizes may be fairly within his reach, and I hope he will feel that you are interested in the result." One takes it for granted that "Charlie" secured the prizes. The book bristles with well-known names and stories of celebrated people who are still

before the public. Mr. Brookfield concludes, appropriately enough, with two obituary notices of himself that appeared while he was laid up at Cowes with pleurisy.

"TWELVE TYPES."By G. K. CHESTERTON.
(Humphreys. 3s. 6d.)

The curious recklessness displayed by modern writers for the Press in reprinting their fugitive articles is once more exemplified in Mr. Chesterton's book of essays. It carries with it its own Nemesis. For in "Twelve Types" the articles on Charlotte Brontë, William Morris, "The Optimism of Byron," and "Pope and the Art of Satire," however readable they may have been in weekly journals, immediately betray in book form their ephemeral character. The occasional happy phrase, however, and the flash of illumination, persuade the reader to struggle with disappointment, and on reaching the study of Charles II. he recognises that, after all,

the book has something to justify it. Thence onward the work is a fine *crescendo*, with but two lapses, the "Stevenson" and the "Carlyle." But in "Tolstoy and the Cult of Simplicity," "Savonarola," and, above all, in the masterly word on Walter Scott, Mr. Chesterton proves that he, too, has something to say to this generation. He writes with a due sense of proportion, and is not afraid to tell the present-day apostles of mere cleverness wherein they differ from the masters.

"A ROMANCE OF THE TUILERIES."By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.
(Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

"A Romance of the Tuileries" is the story of two revolutions—the revolution of a nature and the revolution of a nation; the drama of the individual and the drama of the community. Christine du Montanvert, a solitary child, a dreamer of day-dreams awakened by the books of highly coloured love-stories she takes at will from the library shelves, a devout believer in the old, old idea of the lost twin stars seeking each other through illimitable space, sacrifices herself upon the altar of duty and marries Louis Charles, Duc de Saint-Germain, Colonel of Cuirassiers and Aide-de-Camp to Louis-Philippe. It is the wedding of a man with a memory and a child with an ideal; the memory is crushed, but the ideal remains, and the result is conventional gallantry on the one side, shyness and a desire for love on the other. A man less busy with politics than the Duke might have taken the advice of the worldly-wise Madame Florac and made fierce love to his young wife; as it is, he regards her as a child and treats her accordingly. Mr. Gribble's story is told with the greatest discretion and charm, and his heroine is altogether delightful. He has, too, the rare knack of imbuing the figures he borrows from history with life. The constitutional, bourgeois King, in particular, is drawn in masterly fashion, and the whole story, from end to end, lives in the imagination of the reader.

"THE MISDEMEANORS OF NANCY."By ELEANOR HOYT.
(Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

This amusing little book contains a series of sketches, some of which have appeared before but which quite justify their reappearance in book form. Whether Nancy is posing as a housemaid, lending her best evening-dress to the cook, or merely engaged in her usual occupation of breaking two or three hearts a-week, she is one of the most fascinating and irresistible of American girls, and one is delighted to know that the patience of "the man who came often" meets with its true recompense, for Nancy finally discovers a heart and puts it to a good use. Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws illustrates the book with some charming examples of his pen-and-ink work, but the portrait on the cover (which, by the way, does not seem to be by him) does not compare favourably with the dainty Nancy of the poster reproduced on this page.



A PUBLISHER'S POSTER.

THE USEFUL CAT.

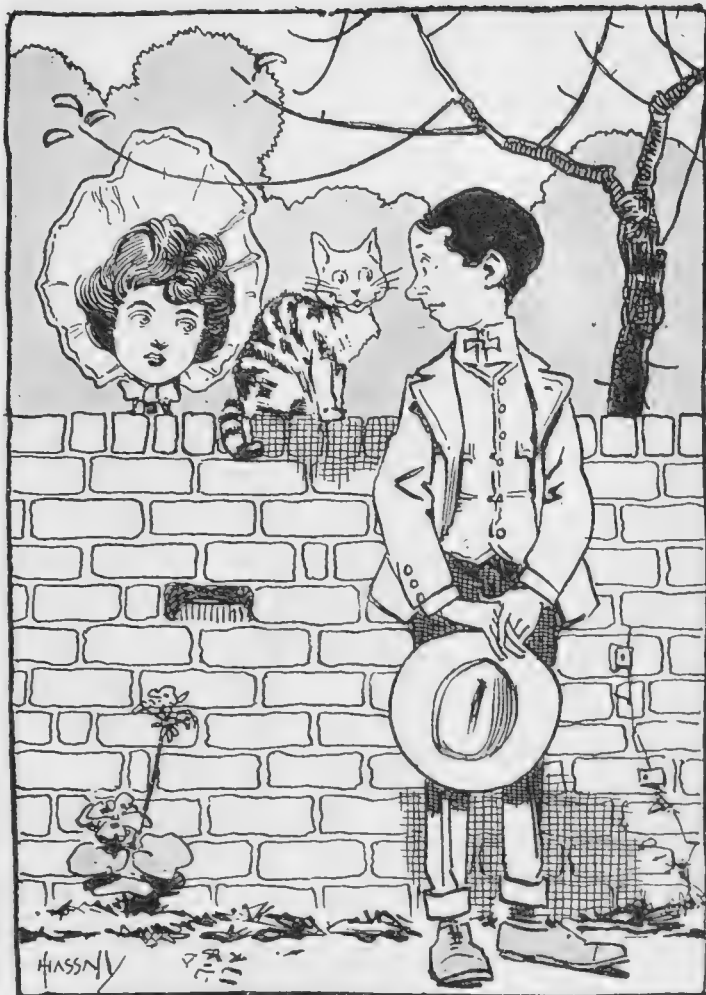
BY FRED. E. WEATHERLY. Illustrated by John Hassall.

A sweet little maid and a shy young man,
Each in a garden green,
While a smart little cat demurely sat
On the wall that rose between.
And "Ah!" sighed the maid, and "Oh!" sighed the man,
"How can I get to you?"
"Well, well!" said the cat, "you are a flat
If you don't know what to do!"

So up climbed he, and up climbed she,
And sat on the garden wall,
And his arm he placed around her waist,
For he thought that she might fall.
And "Ah!" sighed the maid, and "Oh!" sighed the man,
"I wonder if I might dare!"
"Well, well!" said the cat, "if you can't dare that,
You were better as you were!"

But there sat the maid, and there sat the man,
And the little cat sat between;
"Well, well!" said the cat, "you are a flat
If you don't know what I mean."
So he purred to the maid, and he purred to the man,
"Do you want me to show you how?"
Then the young man did what he was bid,
And the cat isn't wanted now!

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I.



II.



III.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A DUTCHMAN.

BY TOM BROWNE.



IV.—“THEN, A SOLDIER; FULL OF STRANGE OATHS . . . JEALOUS IN HONOUR, SUDDEN AND QUICK IN QUARREL, SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION EVEN IN THE CANNON’S MOUTH.”

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

BILLY AND THE BONNETS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

Illustrated by John Hassall.



EVERYONE liked Billy as everyone liked his aunt, whom the golden youth generally were agreed to call Mother Benton. The lady enjoyed the enormous revenues of Benton's Brewery, and, since she had never given the late Mr. Benton an heir or heiress, there was no one for the money to come to but her nephew, Billy. She was the soul of good-nature, and her good heart made a lady of her, when, without it, she might have passed for a cook. But there could be no real vulgarity about a person who, however fat and red-faced and roly-poly and fond of bright colours, was yet overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and so kind that she had learnt a simple delicacy in the manner of performing her kindnesses.

Billy adored his aunt. He was a fat, white-faced youth, with small eyes and shapeless features, who gave one the impression of always being half-asleep. His brother officers would assure you that Billy was really quite wide-awake, not such a fool as he looked, and other things of the same kind; and generally wound up by adding that he was no end of a good fellow, which was true. Billy was quite as good a fellow as his aunt.

He belonged to a very smart regiment which has usually at least a portion of its quarters in town, and is popularly supposed to exist for ornamental purposes, although in times of war it has occasionally disproved that idea. He had never given his aunt a moment's reason for anxiety about him. At his preparatory school, at Eton, at Sandhurst, he had been invariably honest and well-liked, although his best friend couldn't say he had been exactly brilliant. But, then, what did Billy want with brilliancy, seeing that he had been born with a gold spoon in his mouth?

Mrs. Benton's one desire unsatisfied was to see Billy married, and well-married. The desire to have Billy's son in her arms was a corollary to the first. She wanted to see the succession to the Brewery assured; that once done, she was fond of saying that she would be ready to depart in peace.

She and Billy quite understood each other.

"She must have birth, Billy," Mrs. Benton had often said to him. "It is just the one thing we lack. If she has birth, I don't care if she hasn't a second garment to her back."

Billy would assure his aunt that he quite agreed with her. Still, he was slow to give her her heart's desire. Numbers of the young women of the aristocracy, unexceptionable in every way, were ready to share Billy's great fortune. But, somehow, Billy's little affairs always hung fire, and year after year Mrs. Benton's going in peace was postponed.

One day, Billy was taking a short cut from Piccadilly to Portman Square, where Mrs. Benton's great town-house was.

He was passing through a quiet street nearly given over to milliners, modistes, and other persons whose province in life it is to make ladies beautiful. Something drew him to stand before a bonnet-shop. He had never done such a thing in his life before—at least, when he was alone—but Fate was working out its designs with him.

Suddenly, between an osprey and a big bow of panne, he saw a face that, as he described it to himself, knocked him silly. It wasn't that it was so beautiful. Billy had run the gauntlet of many kinds of beauty. It was a girl's face, pale, with very blue eyes. It was framed in pale, fair hair, silky like a child's. The eyelids, long and half-closed, gave the eyes a languishing look. The mouth was thin and humorous, the lips faintly scarlet.

Billy stood an instant looking into the eyes, feeling, as he said afterwards, as though he had been shot through the heart. Then he

lifted his hat and passed on. But after that he took to haunting the quiet street and Madame Elodie's windows.

He didn't know in the least what to do. Billy had never been a Lothario. His feelings towards the face in the milliner's shop were not at all Lothario-like. He wanted to know the owner of the face as he knew the young ladies in Park Lane or Grosvenor Square. But how to set about it?

At last the thing was done for him. One evening of summer twilight, when Billy ought to have been dressing for a particularly smart dinner, but, on the contrary, was haunting the grey street where the blinds had just been pulled down in front of the hats and costumes, the little door by the side of Madame Elodie's shop opened, and there came out the face of his dreams. It was under a soft white hat with blue convolvulus in it. It surmounted a long blue coat which Billy would not have found amiss in his own world.

The girl was not alone. She was keeping very close to a large, red-faced girl, with a much more flamboyant taste in costume, who looked a person of character and decision. As they passed close to Billy, who had drawn himself back in the shadow of the shop-fronts, the red-faced girl suddenly pulled up sharp in front of him. He noticed the other girl tug at her sleeve in a terrified way. But the red-faced girl was not one to be hindered.

"I say," she said to Billy, "you're straight, aren't you?"

She pronounced it "strite," but I won't reproduce the dreary pronunciation.

"I hope so," said Billy, lifting his hat.

"Because, if you aren't," she said, "you may just hook it. Violet is not one of the wrong sort."

Billy was dreadfully disturbed, quite as much as if this coarse remark had been made before the most innocent girl of his own class. He saw the cheeks of the other girl flush with a painful red and then fade to more than their usual whiteness. He began to pour out an incoherent disclaimer of anything but the utmost respect for Miss Violet. If she desired it, he would go away and never come back again.

"Stow that!" said the red-faced young woman. "I knew you were straight the minute I set eyes on you. If I didn't, catch me encouraging you, young man! Well, you may come along. This is my young man, Mr. William Sanders."

A fourth person had now joined the group, who remarked to Billy, following the introduction, that he was his servant, sir.

"And now, where are you two gents going to stand treat to?" asked the red-faced girl, whose name Billy presently discovered to be Clara. "We've got to be in at half-past ten. A beastly shame, I call it. Violet, here, is all for grass and trees. But I tell her she'll have to put it off till Saturday. I vote for Earl's Court and a snack of something there."

Presently, Billy found himself, to his amazement, on top of a 'bus going West through the lighted streets. He remembered dimly that he was due at dinner in Berkeley Square, but he was not in a mood to have his perfect contentment disturbed by such a trifle as a broken engagement.

The long line of lamps in the delicate summer haze, stretching away by the trees of the Green Park, was the way to Paradise for Billy. Stars came out overhead. The people on the 'bus talked in whispers. They were mostly couples with their arms about each

other. Billy and Miss Violet sat in front, separated from their companions; they might almost have been alone.

At first, they were silent; presently, they became a little more intimate, and the girl referred shyly to having seen Billy's face between the bonnets.

"I never meant to have told Clara," she murmured, "but she found out somehow. And one day she had a long look at you from the other window. And she said you could be trusted. But I never supposed she was going to speak to you."

"I'm very glad she did," said Billy.

"And, oh, please, you mustn't think her vulgar, because she's so kind. She looks after me, and is quite jealous if I talk to the other girls."

"I should be just the same myself," said Billy. "And I shouldn't think of thinking Miss Clara vulgar. I think it's awfully good of her to look after you, you know, and . . . to . . . to keep people off — undesirable people, you know."

"Oh, she doesn't let me know a soul, except Mr. Sanders; and he's really so wrapt up in Clara that he's a part of her. He's a most respectable young man, a greengrocer's manager. When Clara's married she's going to live at Tooting."

There was a suffocated sound in Miss Violet's voice, as though she were enjoying a huge joke all to herself, which made Billy smile indulgently at her in the darkness. He was to become well acquainted with that sound in her voice in the time to come. She had not her humorous mouth for nothing.

Presently they were at Earl's Court, and after they had had "a snack," which Billy insisted on standing—it was really the best dinner Earl's Court could produce, and they all did full justice to it—they sat in as secluded a place in the gardens as they could find. But that was not very secluded, and Billy repressed an inclination to suggest two hansoms for going home, since the bus gave better opportunities for conversation and went so much more slowly, and he was quite hungry for the murmur of the soft voice at his ears, with the stifled merriment never far away from it.

The drive home was even better than the one out, since the friendship had grown so much. Under cover of the darkness, Billy kept touching the blue coat with reverential tenderness, and felt the contact with it thrill through him with a shock of delight.

Miss Violet was very frank about herself. She had lived with her parents and brothers and sisters in an Oxfordshire village, but they were so poor that she had to do something to earn a little money. Her name was Hope—Violet Hope. Her great ambition was some day to have a bonnet-shop of her own.

Then Billy told her his name and made her guess at his

occupation. She made two or three guesses, bubbling with laughter. A shop-walker? No? She had guessed that because he was so tall and straight. A hairdresser? Billy pulled a face in the darkness, and felt her tremble at his side.

"No; a Guardsman," he blurted out, anxious to prevent any more hurts to his vanity.

"I knew you were a soldier," she said, as though suddenly repentant. "Papa . . . is a soldier. I only guessed those things for a joke. But a Guardsman; how nice! On furlough, I suppose, since you're not in uniform?"

"Yes, on furlough," said Billy, mendaciously.

"Oh!"

She seemed about to burst out with something, and then stopped.

"Go on, please," he said, bending his head to her.

"I was only thinking how nice it would be to walk out with a Guardsman in uniform. The other girls would be so jealous."

"That reminds me," said Billy—it had never been really out of his head all the time—"would you and Miss Clara, and, of course, Mr. William Sanders, come into the country with me on Saturday afternoon? I know an inn in a delightful, secluded part of Surrey where we could have tea. Will you come?"

"I should love to. But can you—?"

"I can get leave."

"And . . . won't it be very expensive?"

"I think I can stand it."

"I suppose Guardsmen are very well paid?"

He could feel her eyes big on him in the darkness.

"We are pretty well off, as a rule," he said, lightly.

He thought the week endless till Saturday should come. But it came at last, and turned out an exquisite afternoon. Two o'clock found Billy at Victoria. He had arranged with the guard for a reserved first-class compartment before the rest of the party arrived. Violet

was in white, with a bunch of pansies at her belt and lavender ribbons in her big hat. Billy thought her lovelier than ever. "What toffs, to be sure!" cried Clara, resplendent in a hat trimmed with cherries, and delighted with her first-class carriage.

Billy didn't mind Clara's looks or her language, or Mr. William Sanders's cheap cigar and broad stripes. He was so completely swamped in love by this time that he had neither eyes nor ears for anyone but Violet. It was Billy's first love-affair, and he had taken it badly. Now and again he had a little qualm on the subject of "the old girl," as he called Mrs. Benton; but that was soon forgotten in the delirium of looking at and listening to Violet.

They strolled through grassy lanes to the inn, where they had a good country tea, with cold ham and eggs, and crisp green lettuce and



"And now, where are you two gents going to stand treat to?" asked the red-faced girl.

"BILLY AND THE BONNETS."

honey. After it was over they had still a couple of hours to spare before they need make for the train.

They left Clara and Mr. Sanders flinging hay at each other in a hay-field, and strolled on into a wood. They found a delightful place to sit down, in a green shade, where the only sound was the summer hum of insects and the singing of birds and the falling of a little stream far below. There was a tree-trunk for Violet. Billy, in his immaculate grey frock-coat and light trousers, flung himself on the moss at her feet. While she was settling herself, with a soft frou-frou, he surreptitiously kissed the hem of her skirt.

He had been falling in love all those weeks when he had hung about Madame Elodie's shop-windows. Now, he was fathoms deep in it. He was going to marry Violet if she would have him, and as soon as might be. It would be hard on "the old girl"; but she was so kind and loving, he thought, wistfully, she would forgive him when she knew how his heart was in it. Besides, she couldn't stand out against Violet for long. Billy was no wiser than thousands of unwise lovers before him.

He was grateful to those unknown people in the Oxfordshire village who had brought Violet up with the speech and manners of a lady. But if it had been otherwise—if it had been possible to imagine Violet otherwise—he would still have loved her, have let every other consideration go for her sake. A look at her face, demure in the shadow of her hat, made even the thought of "the old girl" vanish. He leant back till his face was against her skirt.

"Violet," he said, "I love you, darling! And"—his voice was full of delighted amazement—"you love me!"

He drew her face down to him and kissed it rapturously, and she did not prevent him, rather yielding herself to him. He smelt her crushed pansies by his cheek.

"You will have to marry me," he said.

"It is very soon," she whispered, "and you know nothing about me. And . . . I know nothing about you, Billy, dear."

He laughed out.

"I am perfectly respectable," he said, "and quite able to maintain a wife. But . . . I have the dearest old aunt. She had other views for me. You will have to placate her, darling."

"And you," she said, "you will have to please my uncle. You've no idea of how imperious he is. Poor Papa and Mamma! I can twist them about my little finger. But Uncle Gran! You've no idea what a terrible person he is!"

"I hope he'll let me down easy—be satisfied with me, I mean," said Billy, playing in an infatuated way with a loose tress of Violet's hair.

"He's quite capable of sending you about your business."

"In that case, we should just have to disregard him, sweetheart, shouldn't we? We can't let anybody stand in our way."

"It would never do to displease Uncle Gran. And then Aunt Min; I looked to Aunt Min to finance my bonnet-shop and to get me customers."

"You don't suppose I am going to let you keep a bonnet-shop?"

"Oh, Billy, you'll have to! You don't know how much money is to be made out of it."

"I have plenty of money."

"For yourself. You can't imagine what luxurious tastes I have. That was what made me think of the bonnet-shop. I want heaps of

money. My sisters are content to sit at home genteely. They are horrified at me. You've no idea what a money-loving little wretch I am!"

"So long as you didn't think of marrying for money——"

"I did, even that, before I knew you, Billy. Now, I should never marry anyone else, no matter how rich he was. I shall run the bonnet-shop for both of us. You don't know how much money it will bring us in."

"You darling!"

"I'll ask Madame for leave next Sunday, and take you down to Oxfordshire to see the family. Papa and Mamma are dears. You won't need to be the least bit afraid of them."

"You think not?"

Billy looked quite anxious.

"They've always let me do everything I wanted to do."

"Just like Aunt Sarah with me."

A little cloud fell over his face.

"But Uncle Gran is a terror. You won't mind if he's rude, Billy? He thinks so extravagantly about his family. And, of course, dear, though you're a gentleman, still—a private in the Guards! What made you enlist, Billy? Was it to fight?"

"As a matter of fact, I didn't enlist." Billy stammered over his confession. "I . . . I . . . went in in the ordinary way. I'm . . . in fact . . . I'm Captain Benton."

"And Uncle Gran's your Colonel, so now you know how dreadful he can be."

"Lord Grandison?"

"Yes; Lord Grandison. He'd have fits if he knew where I was. But we are really very poor. I didn't see that having Lord Grandison for an uncle made up for the money we were always wanting. So I persuaded Mamma first—if you have Mamma, you can always have Papa—to let me learn bonnet-making. What's the good of having a beauty-aunt if she doesn't give you a lift some way or other? Lady Grandison has only to wear my bonnets to make me the fashion. Billy, don't tell me you're so disgustingly rich that I shall have to give up my dreams of a bonnet-shop!"

"You shall make them for pleasure, dear. I don't think I could really consent to any addition to my income."

It is no use recording the other foolish things these young people said, as, in fact, the conversation, after a time, became rather incoherent. Suffice it to say that Lord Grandison, though he wouldn't acknowledge it, was really as pleased with his niece's choice as Mrs. Benton with her nephew's. There was no lack of acknowledgment about Mrs. Benton, however. She is still singing her "Nunc Dimittis," although Billy has been a Benedict these five years back, and Billy's son reigns more autocratically over his great-aunt's heart than ever his father did.

"'Cute beggar, Billy," say his brother officers, "to uncarth that charming niece of old Gran's whom he had buried away somewhere in the depths of the country! And who could have supposed what he was up to when he used to disappear and turn up looking moonier than ever?"

Clara, Mrs. Sanders, runs a very smart bonnet-shop. It has been rumoured that the Hon. Mrs. Benton has a share in it, but that is not really so. Only now and again she spares half-an-hour to give Clara her ideas for new hats and bonnets. And, judging by her smart *clientèle*, Madame Clara profits by a taste more exquisite than her own.

THE SPELL OF FOXGLOVE.

I sowed the seed of foxglove along the bare breen,
I sowed the seed of foxglove when the young corn was green;
And while I sowed the foxglove, I prayed the seed come true
And turn to me ere harvest the heart of Peggy Dhu.

Who sows the seed of foxglove shall surely work his will,
They say, on any woman's heart if ne'er a seed he spill
Out of his hand unwary. I drew a steady breath,
And steady were my fingers as the scythe-hand of Death.

I named no holy name, and I did not look above,
But kept my eyes upon the ground while yet I named my love—
My heart's heart, the woman with hair and eyes of night,
Whose foot fell soft as thistledown or the evening light.

I shut my heart to hope and fear, yet the spell went awry,
For the sods are turned o'er Peggy Dhu, and lone and lost am I.
I've sinned my soul away to win what now no man may crave,
And the foxglove flower is growing upon Peggy's grave.

NORA CHESON.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



I REGRET to have to announce (and I am sure all *Sketch* readers will regret to learn) that that delightful actress, Miss Winifred Emery, is again in so weak a state of health that she has been compelled to resign the character of the heroine which Captain Marshall had written for her in his new semi-pathetic comedy, "The Unforeseen." This play, as I foreshadowed a couple of months or so ago, will follow "There's Many a Slip," and I am now officially informed that it will follow it on December 1, which is next Monday week. Messrs. Harrison and Maude have, fortunately, been able to secure the services of Miss Evelyn Millard for the part written for Miss Emery until that other charming actress is well enough to return to the Haymarket's honoured stage.

Since my statement to the effect that even Mr. Arthur Bouchier had resolved to try his histrionic luck in the character of Othello, Mr. Forbes-Robertson now, I find, shows signs of hurrying his long-promised London revival of that noble domestic drama—a revival which I indicated in *The Sketch* many months ago. For this interesting revival, Miss Gertrude Elliott (Mrs. Forbes-Robertson) will impersonate the character of the gentle Desdemona. Miss Lena Ashwell will play Emilia—a wise choice. Iago will be represented by Mr. Robert Taber, another good selection.

As to the two coming Othellos, I may, perhaps, mention that Mr. Forbes-Robertson, who has played the part several times in the provinces, will make up as a light Moor. Mr. Bouchier will, he tells me, go in for a more swarthy kind of Othello. In fact, after some talk with him upon this theme, I gather that he will almost "black himself all over," even as did the enthusiastic histrion of old.

Speaking of thoroughness, one of the most "thorough" Shaksperian critics who ever lived has, I regret to say, just died. This is Mr. Samuel Timmins, that earnest student of all the Bard's works. Mr. Timmins, however, should long be remembered for his glorious Shaksperian Library, which library he for the most part presented to Birmingham.

The recent Royal "commands" to certain players, including Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. Albert Chevalier, &c., will next Friday be still further increased by the "command" of

Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Seymour Hicks, and the rest of the clever Vaudeville Company, to perform Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful play, "Quality Street."

Miss Christine McGill, who has been engaged by Charles Frohman for the part of Alice Faulkner in "Sherlock Holmes," began her stage career as a dancer.

She was a pupil of Miss Carlotta Leclercq and made her first appearance on any stage in an Edinburgh pantomime. So successful was she in dancing that she was engaged by George Edwardes for his Companies at Daly's and the Gaiety, as well as to go on tour. Her first dramatic engagement was with Messrs. Harrison and Maude in "The Little Minister," and this was followed by a stock season in which she gained a wide experience. It was with some reluctance that she gave up musical comedy for more serious work, but her naturalistic method appealed to the Management which has engaged



MISS CHRISTINE MCGILL, NOW PLAYING IN "SHERLOCK HOLMES" ON TOUR.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

her, and she is now under a long term of contract to Mr. Frohman. She is possessed of a marked personality, and her rendering of the part of Alice Faulkner in William Gillette's play is said to be a remarkably clever piece of work.

I am officially informed that Miss Edna May will not yet return to her native land, but will remain in England in order to "create" (as theatrical folk love to say) the character of the heroine in the next Lyric musical play. This will, it is now stated, not be entitled "The Typewriter Girl," but "The School Girl." I am afraid that the concoctors of this piece, namely, Mr. Paul Potter (adapter of "Trilby") and Mr. Leslie Stuart (composer of "Florodora"), may have to change their title—for England, anyway. I am under the impression that "The School Girl" was the name of a play which was sent on tour a year or so ago.

There have of late been several attempts to introduce plays with more or less "Scriptural" titles to the English stage. One of these is "The Modern Magdalen," to be found at the Brixton Theatre. Presently, if certain negotiations come to anything, we are (at last) to see in London an adaptation of the German play, by Paul Heyse, now called "Mary of Magdala," with the renowned actress Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske in the name-part. Mrs. Fiske has, I learn from special American advices to hand, achieved a splendid success in this difficult character.

Other "Scriptural" plays threatened include an adaptation by Mr. Walter Stephens of "Paradise Lost" (which Milton himself, I may remind you, once started to dramatise); Mr. Laurence Housman's "mystery play," entitled "Bethlehem"; and yet another American dramatic concoction, entitled "The Judgment of King Solomon." In the last-named there will be utilised the celebrated case wherein the two mothers claimed the one baby.

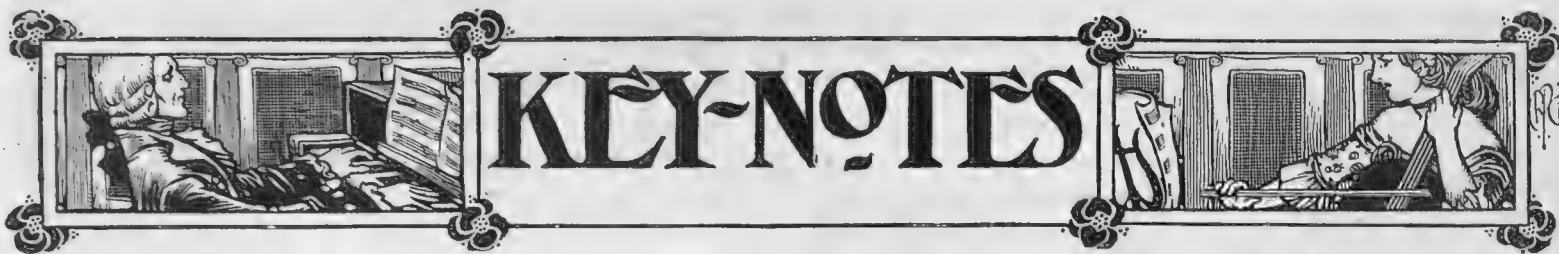
Among other approaching quaintly (though not Scripturally) named plays are the following: "I Defy the World!" "In the Shadow of the Gallows" (Ugh!), "The Little Church Around the Corner" (of course, an American concoction), "Tommy Rot" (written by a very high-class American lady in collaboration with Mr. Rupert Hughes, a promising young American playwright), "The Stubbornness of Geraldine" (written by Mr. Clyde Fitch), and "The Amateur Cracksmen," as adapted from a story by Mr. E. W. Hornung for Mr. Kyrle Bellew.

Next Sunday, Mr. Tree will (if he keeps to his present resolve) embark for Dublin in order to play there on the following evening the Pope, in Mr. Hall Caine's drama, "The Eternal City," for one night only.

It would seem that Captain Basil Hood has chosen a very early Victorian theme for his next Savoy opera, for he calls it, at present, "A Princess of Kensington."



MR. ARTHUR BOUCHIER REPLYING TO THE KING'S COMMAND TO PLAY AT SANDRINGHAM.



MASCAGNI'S music incidental to the play running at His Majesty's, "The Eternal City," is in many ways very charming, but in many ways not very original. The march known as "Silver Trumpets" and the "Offertorium" entitled "Harmony in the Dome," of course, are extremely familiar to anybody who has attended a Papal function at St. Peter's. Perhaps one of the most impressive of all possible musical memories attaches to the last-named composition. At the moment during the Mass when the Pontiff raises the sacred wafer and all heads are bowed—in St. Peter's, what a multitudinous sea of heads are visible!—there steals down to the ear, apparently from celestial heights, this melody, played on the famous silver trumpets, and the situation naturally enhances to all listeners the quality of the music. As a matter of fact, though the melody is a sweet one, it is by no means a greatly artistic conception; but it is intensely and essentially Italian, and therefore has the charm which characteristically belongs to everything that comes out of the old order of things when Papal Rome really meant a temporal sovereignty.

As far as Mascagni's original contributions to the music go, it cannot be said that he has done anything very startlingly effective. Perhaps that may have been according to his own scheme, for, of course, incidental music should be the handmaid rather than the mistress of the drama. Of course, there are some very exceptional cases where the music is, as it were, an embroidery rather than an incident to the play. Such a case, for example, is "A Midsummer Night's Dream," for which Mendelssohn composed his famous music, and which, by the way, was sumptuously revived a little while ago by Mr. Tree at the theatre in which "The Eternal City" is now being played. But then again you have the fact that Mendelssohn was a great Master whose mind was deeply in sympathy with Shakspeare's fantasy. Can one call Mascagni by the same name of Master, and—but, of course, one forgets that Mr. Hall Caine is glad to resemble Shakspeare.

It is interesting to remember that, when a great portion of the music to Shakspeare's play was written, Mendelssohn was barely the age of nineteen; and one may be even permitted to think that the

Master never surpassed, in fancy, in perfection of phrase, in brilliance, and in liveliness, the Overture. "The Wedding March" (which has ushered in the tragi-comedy of how many lives!) was, I believe, an addition made to the score afterwards; but, though it has a certain majesty and many qualities which rightly make it popular, it is not by any means in the same category of work as the Overture to which reference has just been made. It is no longer young, if one possibly excepts its opening chord, about which Mendelssohn made the delightfully youthful reply to a friend who had asked him what was its root. "I don't know," he is reported to have said, "and I'm hanged if I care!" Otherwise, this particular score is as sophisticated as the Violin Concerto itself.

Apropos of that same Concerto, an interpretation was given to the solo instrument at St. James's Hall two or three days ago by Mr. Kreisler which, to my thinking, was unsurpassable, and certainly in my experience has been unsurpassed. Not Joachim, not Lady Hallé, not Ysaye himself, has during the term of that experience given to the slow movement so extraordinary and rich a charm as did Mr. Kreisler. The deadly rightness of the man's tune is, of course, a matter in which he may be equalled by many another technician, although we have heard Joachim—but that is another story. It was the quality of his tone and the expression of a rich musical temperament which so profoundly moved his audience. The concert at which Mr. Kreisler played was one of those which have been announced as "the last series of Richter Concerts." Seeing that the hall was filled in every part, one may be permitted to ask why this should be the last series? Mr. Vert will, perhaps, afford the public some explanation. Richter conducted, besides the Concerto already referred to, three selections from Wagner, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, and other works. Apart from Mr. Kreisler's performance, certainly the most beautiful interpretation of the evening was that of the "Siegfried Idyll."

Mr. Claude S. Fenigstein, the Musical Director of the Lyric Theatre, is an exceedingly clever and talented violinist. At the Queen's Hall and many other London concerts he has delighted large audiences by his exquisitely played solos. He is also a composer of considerable promise, his overture-fantasia, "Lilinau," having created a very favourable impression when played at the Queen's Hall a month or two ago.

COMMON CHORD.

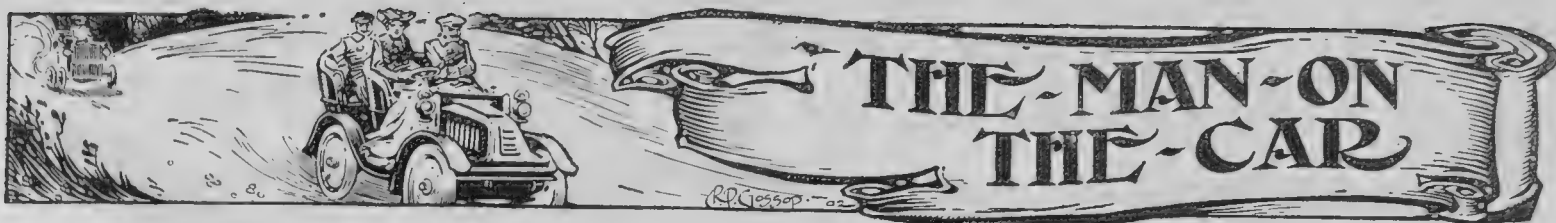
A VERSATILE ARTIST.

Few artists before the public at the present time are equally conversant with French, German, Italian, English, and Turkish. However, Miss Alexia Bassian, who is at present appearing at the Pavilion, knows all these languages. It is hardly likely that any other singer knows Turkish, a language Miss Bassian owes to the fact that her father was an Armenian physician practising in Constantinople, and so for ten years she lived in Turkey, chiefly in Broussa, the beautiful city at the foot of Mount Olympus, where, as a child, she began that study of music which she has continued ever since. From Turkey, her mother being an American, she went to California, and thence to Cincinnati, where she met Madame Materna, the great Wagnerian singer, by whose advice she went to the Royal Conservatoire of Music in Vienna. Miss Bassian is now giving Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "Robin Adair," with great success, for she has a beautiful soprano voice, and she will probably continue at the Pavilion until Christmas.



MISS ALEXIA BASSIAN, NOW APPEARING AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



A Consensus of Opinion—A Silent Car—The Champion Driver—French Formalities—Chasing Balloons.

COMMEMORATION-WEEK in motor-car circles passed off with a couple of very successful fixtures; one, the inevitable dinner, plus speeches, the other, an organised trip to Oxford by car. The dinner was noteworthy for the practically unanimous expression of opinion by all speakers, of diverse politics and influence, that the present motor laws are quite inappropriate. Mr. Gibson Bowles, Sir Howard Vincent, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. J. Scott Montagu, Lord Farrer, and Sir Lewis McIver all made sympathetic allusions to speed when cultivated in suitable places, and were equally unanimous in condemnation of the motor hooligan, or the class of driver whom Lord Farrer has called "road-hogs," borrowing the term from its older application to the wanton horse-drivers who used to make a sport of running down cyclists. Lord Farrer, as a Surrey magistrate, made almost as great an impression by his remark that in his county there had been a special set made against motorists, who had been proceeded against without the exercise of any discretion, as the Chief Constable of Oxford caused, on the following day, by announcing that he had never set police-traps and never would do so. Time is on the side of motorists, and it will not be very long before we look back on present persecutions as matters of ancient and rather comic history.

That run to Oxford brought out close upon a couple of hundred of enthusiasts, many of whom had their cars in position for over twelve hours before the start, in order to be at or about the head of the crowd when it left Grosvenor Place. It was my good fortune at the last moment to find a seat on an 8 horse-power Milnes car, my earlier plot to take part in the procession falling through, owing to one of those temporary partial disablements against which no automobilist can absolutely insure. But my disappointment was amply compensated by my trip as a passenger on the new type of 8 horse-power Milnes, which richly deserved its pseudonym of "Silent." Some of the names were obviously writ sarcastic, as the Secretary's "Sluggard" cut out a capital pace, and the car christened "Perfection" was the first and one of the very few to be involved in difficulty. But "Silent" was no misnomer for the luxurious little car on which I rode. It is not usual to build four-cylinder engines of so moderate a power, and it is largely to the frequency of light impulses that the silence and smooth running are due. The thump at low speed and the shriek of single cylinders at high speed disappear when cylinders are multiplied, and the engine here used would run, and yet pull, at two to twelve hundred a minute, with never a miss in the faultless magneto ignition. It was a perfect run on a very proper little car, and our home journey, untrammelled by the organisation of a collective run, added a conclusive proof of its capacity for speed.

A car which made its first public appearance on this Oxford run was the new light Napier, called at present a 10 horse-power, but it will be re-named a 12 horse-power, as a closer approximation to its performances. It was driven by Mr. Charles Jarrott, with the author of its being by his side, and, although the affair was not a race, Mr. Jarrott arrived first, though he started somewhere down in the sixties. These things do happen, somehow. He had called the car "Aaron," and presumably he wanted it to be in front *de facto* as well as alphabetically. The new car is a dandy. It ought to be, as it costs eight hundred pounds before you begin to clothe its soul with a

body, and you cannot get much of a body for less than another hundred pounds—that is to say, appropriate to a vehicle with so valuable a frame. But she can go. I went for a little fifty-mile prawl on her a few days after the Oxford run, with Jarrott jockeying her, in marvellous manner, on appalling grease and through the thick of the traffic. We had amazingly bad roads to experiment on, so that we never got on to her fourth speed; but she could hurtle along on her third, and her power on the second made me wonder why she is not called a 16 or 20 instead of a 10 or 12. She soared up hills and skimmed over the grease superbly, and I look forward to a finer run still in the near future, when conditions may let us have a taste of that magic fourth. Next to the fascination of driving oneself, it is the perfection of automobilistic pleasure to sit by the side of a charioteer like Jarrott and note him successfully take risks with absolute *sang-froid* which you yourself would shudderingly shun.

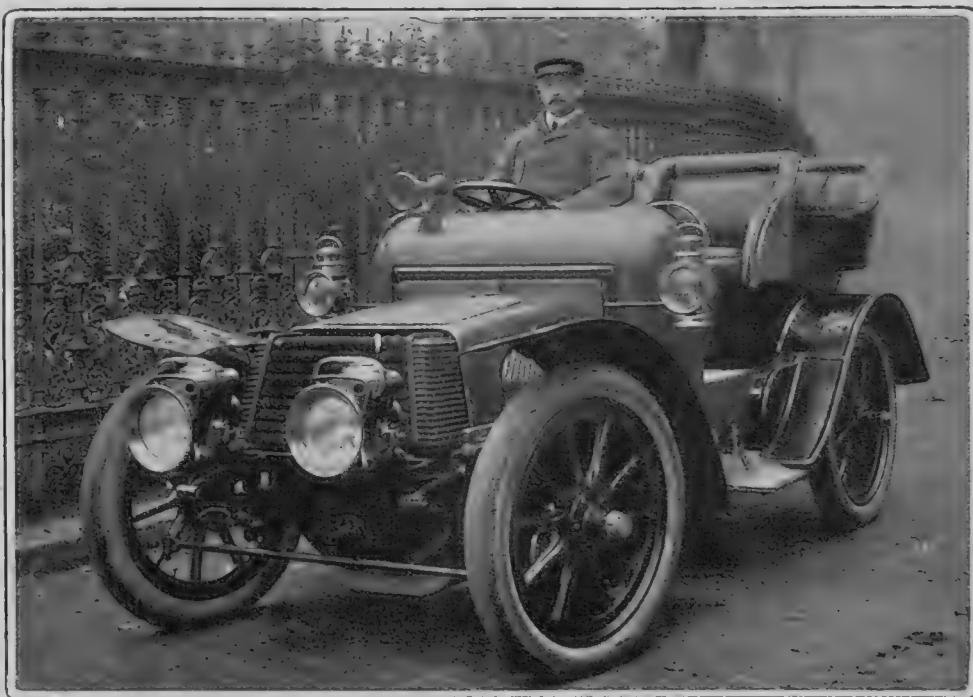
New facilities are about to be afforded to members of the Automobile Club entering France. In the ordinary way, after satisfying the Customs officers, a preliminary permit is obtained from the police, but an examination has to be undergone, as soon as may be, for the tourist to get the certificate from the Department of Mines without which no *chauffeur* may control a car. Such examination is an irksome redundancy when a tourist is an accomplished expert, and the French Government has just agreed to accept certificates of driving efficiency, issued by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, as of equal validity with the official examination in Paris. This is an excellent way of smoothing over one of the most troublesome formalities hitherto compulsory for visitors.

Chasing balloons in motor-cars is the latest form of sport.

The balloonist makes-believe that he is carrying important despatches. Enthusiastic motorists make-believe that they have unrestricted use of the roads, and the parties proceed to play a game of catch, the suggestion being that thereby valuable information is obtained on the relative behaviour of balloons and motorists in war. It is, no doubt, an amusing game as a glorified edition of hare-and-hounds, and adds a piquancy to mere humdrum Volunteering, but, as a serious tactical exercise, the performances are not remarkably valuable. The balloonist is assumed to surrender forthwith, if discovered, and the automobilist is assumed to be able to career in any direction without scouting. Such antics are doubtless amusing, but absolutely useless.

The Corporation of Weymouth have unanimously chosen Alderman John Bagg, J.P., of Abbot's Court, as Mayor for the third year in succession. This high compliment has been paid Mr. Bagg in consideration of the great services he has rendered to the Borough generally and the generosity he has always displayed.

The *Advisor*, a New York monthly magazine "devoted to the interests of advertisers," seems to be having what Americans call "a good time." Among the tips given by its "Tipster" is a quaintly American one, "Push—that is the way to get to the front—and then push some more." This the *Advisor* seems to be doing, judging from its success as an advertising medium. Its London agent is Mr. C. A. G. Browne, of Wych Street, Strand.



MR. H. E. MOSS, J.P., MANAGING DIRECTOR OF MOSS'S EMPIRES, LIMITED, AND THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

THE CAR IS A 24 HORSE-POWER DAIMLER, EXACTLY THE SAME PATTERN AS THAT BUILT FOR HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Manchester—Mr. Sievier—List Men.

THE new course at Manchester has not up to now given complete satisfaction. The track is a bad one, to say the least of it, and the proprietors ought to have gone farther afield in their hunt for a perfect racecourse. True, the arrangements for getting to and from the course are perfect, and this in itself will always ensure big gates; but, with a doubt about the track, owners are very likely to fight shy of the meeting, especially in the case of big handicaps on which there could be ante-post betting. The sport's the thing, after all, and, if managers of race-meetings could always guarantee good sport, we might be induced to overlook failings in other matters. A very poor acceptance has been received for the Manchester November Handicap, and I am afraid the race will freeze up. I should very much like to give Volodyovski one more chance, as I know he could win if he would only try his best, but it is not a rogue's course. Indeed, he was badly interfered with in the race for the Prince Edward Handicap, when he finished second to Mormon. If I am not mistaken, Saturday's race will be won by St. Maclou, who is just now at the very top of his form. First Principal should get placed if Mr. Stedall was justified in backing the horse so heavily for the Cambridgeshire. Seahorse II. is among the acceptances. If he does not win a race this year, he is very likely to do so in 1903. For the Lancashire Nursery, I have most fancy for St. Rollox. The Castle Irwell Handicap has attracted a capital acceptance. My old favourite, Bachelor's Button, is included in the list, and he ought to win—that is, only in the absence of The Solicitor, who is a notch or two above the Irish horse in the matter of class. For a place, I should take Game Chick.

Although the flat season does not close until Saturday, I think, when the records are totted up, it will be found that Mr. Robert Sievier is at the top of the winning owners list. Sceptre has won for Mr. Sievier nearly twenty-five thousand pounds, which is a huge sum, although many people think the filly should have won the Derby easily. Next year we shall see what sort of an animal Ard Patrick is. According to this year's book, he must be a smasher. Sir Blundell Maple has won over sixty races this year. He is a good patron of the

pastime, and he has always played the game pluckily. Strange to relate, Sir Blundell's jockey, W. Lane, heads the winning jockeys list. He is one of the best of the English jockeys, but I do not think he is as good as Maher; and I am not quite sure that one or two of our apprentices could not hold their own at evens against any of our jockeys. Halsey has done remarkably well in the saddle. It was a lucky stroke of business when he gave up training for riding. He is a capital judge of pace and has a keen eye and good hands. The very fact of his being the jockey for J. Powney's stable speaks volumes for his ability. I do hope those apprentices who have lost their claim to the five pounds allowance will be encouraged by owners. Many of them are real good jockeys that are quite likely to improve five pounds in their riding another year.

The Continental List men—or rather, some of them—were hit so heavily over the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire that they decline to do business in the future on the old terms. They agree to pay to clients the actual prices they themselves are able to obtain in the London Clubs. It is therefore evident the foreigners will not stand to be shot at. On the other hand, the sporting public in England are not likely to patronise the foreign lists on those terms, and they will, I feel sure, prefer to trade on the best terms obtainable at home. As I explained recently, the Continental layers were tied-up over Ballantrae, who was coupled with Black Sand in so many double-event bets. I heard, soon after the race for the Cambridgeshire—but I cannot vouch for its truth—that the List men who backed Ballantrae heavily for hedging purposes were unable to get their money from some of our bookies. Indeed, there was quite twenty thousand pounds owing after the settling was supposed to have taken place. It is an old saying that "Tattersall's Ring cannot be broken"; but, when the public back a good thing and the bookies are silly enough to field against it on the strength of empty rumour only, the Ring is likely to very nearly come undone. One professional backer was silly enough to field against Ballantrae to the tune of some thousands because he was told by somebody that the stable did not fancy the horse. He has had to pay dearly for his temerity.

CAPTAIN COE.



OTTER-HUNTING IN WILTSHIRE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO realise the beguiling character of costume in the picturesque eighteenth century, one should find a stall at Captain Marshall's daintily staged translation of Scribe's comedy at the Haymarket, where Comtesse d'Autreval and Leonie de Villegoutier disport themselves against the decorative background of "There's Many a Slip," while another object-lesson of the same period is given at the Comedy, where Mr. Lewis Waller's irresistible "Monsieur Beaucaire" takes the floor. No wiles and guiles of modern dressmaking arrive within half-a-mile of those engaging panniers and petticoats, gauze scarves and floating ribands, of our far-back grandmothers, while the men, no less beautiful in their silk-clad calves and ineffable waistcoats, were surely not of the same mettle as our tamely trousered spouses of to-day. Mr. Lewis Waller in his green velvet dressing-gown, or the suit of banana-coloured brocade which it eventually discloses, makes a fascinating picture. Why cannot our men of this generation do themselves a little more poetic justice (sartorially speaking), at least in the evening? Surely they might begin with something unobtrusive—say shoe-buckles—and then work upwards.

Gowns galore of the utmost price and appearance were evident at the National Skating Palace on opening-day. Backgrounded by rich red walls and plenteously embowered in palms, the scene was particularly gay. Lady Wenlock wore an admirably hung velvet frock which showed its well-cut outlines as she skated, and Lady Falmouth was in a very fetching combination of cigar-brown and

imagine. Only those, however, with well-lined purses can attempt the feat of witnessing it. Many are those who have been obliged to abandon going East in view of the enormous expenditure it will entail. From Delhi I hear of fabulous rents, fabulous hotel-rates, fabulous



A SMART COAT IN FAWN-COLOURED CLOTH.

[Copyright.]

blue, while Miss Agatha Thynne wore a becoming dark grey with chinchilla "fixin's."

One hears great accounts of pageants that are to be at the forthcoming Durbar, and it will undoubtedly be the greatest spectacle that the modern world has witnessed, recalling the storied splendours of mediæval days which the prosaic present cannot parallel, much less



[Copyright.]

A HANDSOME OPERA-CLOAK IN WHITE CLOTH WITH ERMINE AND CHIFFON.

everything, which would argue that the dreamy Oriental can become very wide-awake when extraordinary chances present themselves.

The theatre-coat is a much-to-be-praised departure which has evidently come to stay. It obviates the necessity of very elaborate toilette, and can be worn with good effect over those ever-useful semi-detached skirts of either black or white that have no special partners in life of their own. One that came from Paquin, rendered in white panne, and a bolero of painted mousseline, struck one as very smart. Another took the picturesque lines of a Louis XVI. coat in silver-grey brocade, with lapels of white embroidered in rosebuds. For a matron, there was a black lace coat made to go over a black and steel *dessus*, which was composed of net with pendent sequins—quite a charming arrangement and smart enough for the most youthful modern grandmother. And, talking of that revered section of Society, how wonderfully women preserve their figures nowadays! The blowsy matron of fifty-five, with swollen waist and ample outline, is replaced by a sprightly personage of well-corseted contour, who believes in hats *versus* bonnets, spends her mornings amongst Swedish exercises, and makes her grandchildren call her "Julia." The true inwardness of youth is in holding on to it fast, she thinks, and not allowing it to steal away from one!

It would seem that, as skirts are still cut closely to the figure, dressmakers persist in the impossibility of pockets, and the burden of carrying bag-purses is still imposed upon us. A number of new shapes in the favourite gold chain-purse attracted my admiring regards at the Parisian Diamond Company's in Regent Street this week. Most were inlaid with jewels and had clasps of especial artistic excellence.

Enamel buttons with rims and tracery of diamonds are again a *spécialité* of the Company's, and a variety of neck or muff chains set with differently coloured gems proclaimed the well-established popularity of this useful adornment. More than ever does the Parisian Diamond Company proclaim itself this year as the place—or rather, places—at which to choose Christmas presents.

The season at Brighton has been later in starting than usual this year, but now the hotels are filling up and the Front is getting crowded in the afternoons. Many jaded Londoners seek a pleasant holiday at Brighton at this season of the year, and it is also largely patronised by visitors from the northern towns. During the winter season high-class entertainments are given during the week, and on Sunday afternoons and evenings there is always an excellent concert at the Palace Pier Theatre. The hotels are now doing a lively business, the palatial Métropole, as usual, being the temporary home of many fashionable people. Among the recent visitors to the Métropole were the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Francis Hope, the Right Hon. W. E. Lecky, M.P. (who has been staying for a number of weeks for the sake of his health, and was joined by Mrs. Lecky now and then), the Earl of Leven and Melville, Lord Sherborne, Sir Hiram and Lady Maxim, Lord Arthur Cecil, Sir Edward and Lady Clarke, Lady Esher, the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland (the Right Hon. Lord O'Brien), Sir F. and Lady Carrington, Sir William Walrond, &c.

A curious idea used to be prevalent that Regent Street was what might be called a one-sided thoroughfare, and that the splendid business establishments were all on one side of the street. This illusion is now quite dispelled, and, whether one studies the broad pavements east or west of the spacious road, the same well-dressed, fashionable throng is to be found. One of the latest migrations to the western side of Regent Street is that of the well-known firm of goldsmiths and jewellers, Messrs. Wilson and Gill, who have opened extensive new premises with handsomely fitted show-rooms at Nos. 139 and 141, where they are making an admirable display of gold and silver ware in many attractive forms, daily appurtenances for the toilet-table and drawing-room being shown in juxtaposition to the latest designs in silver cigar and cigarette boxes, smoking utensils, and scores of other things in which the masculine mind finds special delight.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYNTHIA (Hull).—(1) Many women who used to wear specially made corsets, like yourself, now find the best makes so well cut that they are really superior to those of most corsetiers. Have you ever tried the Samothrace at the London Corset Company's in Bond Street—42, I think, is the number? If not, do so. They approach perfection more nearly than any others I know. (2) I think you can buy those French shoes in London now. The American Shoe Company are also very smart.

NINETTE (St. Andrews).—(1) When you come to town, put yourself in the hands of Ernest, Regent Street. He has incomparable taste. (2) Hairdressers are many, and you will find most women have their own special artist. But, taking them all round, I think Curette, Brompton Road, is the smartest. He coifs half the Peerage, not to mention the stage, is quite smart, and quite inexpensive as well. I am too pleased to be of use and set you on the right track. It is no trouble.

L. F. L. (Chatham).—(1) The new rackets are either cork or ribbed indiarubber. I think the former easier to play with. You should be able to get them at any good game shop or the Stores. (2) The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, Regent Street, would reset your tiara after any design. Their work is always reliable.

COUNTRY COZ.—You will not get your ideas in clothes from the play at Drury Lane. It is not an exhibition of millinery. "The play's the thing" there, as it ought to be. You should not miss seeing it. Mrs. John Wood is more delightful than ever.

SYBIL.

WEST-END ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS.

ONE of the happiest features of the Saturday Afternoon Closing movement has been the association of the big West-End business houses for athletic purposes. A large number of shop assistants come from the provinces and have no home-ties in London, so the formation of House Clubs was a natural outcome of their increased leisure. This, in turn, led to the birth of the larger Associations for the government of sport and the encouragement of competition. The Rowing Association was the earliest established, dating from 1880; it now boasts a membership of about eleven hundred, and, as some four years ago it acquired the famous Biffen's Boathouse, it owns as fine headquarters as any on the Thames, with a fleet of rowing-boats second to none. Football, cricket, tennis, swimming, and other branches of sport have also their thousands of votaries, and each has its Challenge Cups or Shields which are held by the winning Clubs of the various houses. Those who are mainly responsible for this happy state of things were entertained at the Clarence Club's Coronation Dinner recently, at the Hotel Great Central, by that well-known and popular sportsman, Sir J. Blundell Maple, Bart., M.P., whose kindly interest and practical help in furthering the objects of the various Associations have been of incalculable benefit. Sir John could hardly have taken any other line than he has done, for, though he has most worthily represented the Dulwich Division in Parliament for the past fifteen years, and is a remarkably acute business-man, it is in sport that he finds his own recreation. His successes on the Turf have been numerous. It will be remembered that this year he won the Coronation Cup, and in 1901 the King's Gold Vase at Ascot. Among his many other trophies are the Chesterfield Cup, the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, the Cologne Gold Cup, and the Derby Cup. Sir John is also a breeder of Shire horses, his "Dunsmore Gloaming" having won the Wainwright Challenge Cup two years ago.



SIR J. BLUNDELL MAPLE, M.P.

Photograph by Nesty, Nic.

The Great Western Railway Company announce that third-class season-tickets are now obtainable at the stations on their line (with some few exceptions), and that renewals of season-tickets of all classes will be issued on favourable terms. The concession in regard to the third class will be appreciated by many, and, incidentally, it is felt that it will do much to popularise the educational movement, particularly in the case of secondary and technical schools, to which scholars are drawn from a distance, as tickets will be issued in their favour at half the ordinary rates, with an age limit of eighteen years.

The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway are running special trains to Folkestone for the Races to-day (Wednesday). A special Club train leaves Charing Cross at 11.5 a.m., calling at other London stations. Special trains will be run to London and principal stations after the Races.

Cheap excursions will be run by the Great Central Railway from London (Marylebone) on Saturdays Nov. 22 and Dec. 6 for two, three, five, and eight days to Rugby, Leicester, Loughborough, Nottingham, Sheffield, Penistone, Huddersfield, Brighouse, Halifax, Bradford, Guide Bridge, Ashton, Oldham, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, and Liverpool.

A point that will give special interest to the Rudge-Whitworth stand at the forthcoming Stanley Show is the fact that an entirely new grade of machine will there be exhibited for the first time. This machine will contain many novel features, among the most important of which are to be extreme lightness, an aluminium rim on an entirely novel system, a new and original form of crank-bracket mechanism, and an entirely novel and astonishingly light pedal. The new grade will be known as the "Aéro-Special," a title which excellently describes the characteristics of the new machine.



INTERIOR OF MESSRS. WILSON AND GILL'S NEW SHOW-ROOMS IN REGENT STREET.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 25.

THE OUTLOOK.

THAT there is a screw loose in matters financial, even an optimist can hardly deny, and while things are as they are, the public very wisely keeps away from speculation. The real seat of the mischief is probably the dread of a collapse in New York, where things are decidedly unpleasant and where high rates and over-speculation have produced a state of affairs which is only likely to be set right by very drastic remedies. Here we see market after market suffering from a bad fit of the blues. The wise man takes advantage of these spasmodic depressions to pick up stock and turn it out at a small profit when the fit wears off; but, unfortunately, the public generally sells at the worst, and does not begin to buy until things are preparing for a fresh drop.

Generally speaking, it seems to us that Colonials and Home Rails are worth the attention of those persons who have money to invest, and that Kaffirs, especially good Kaffirs, after several days' depression, such as they have suffered from as we write, are worth buying for a gamble, more especially if the buyer will be content with a trifling profit.

Mr. John Lornie, of Kirkcaldy, very strongly objects to the remarks in our issue of Nov. 5 on his Colombian National Railway debentures, and wants us to print a long letter which he has penned for the purposes of publication. We are sorry we cannot find room for his eloquent effusion, written though it is in his best style; but what it amounts to is that the circular which called forth our comments, was sent only to old customers, and that on previous occasions his advice has turned out well. This may be quite true, and he must, indeed, be a poor tout if he cannot produce a batch of belated testimonials. What we objected to was the suggestion that the Colombian Railway debentures could ever become a trust security, and the offer of the bonds at par when there is practically no market. We still think our readers will do well to avoid Mr. Lornie and his advice.

The war of circulars goes on in the Salvati Jesurum Company, and shareholders may well feel bewildered by all the ink-slashing with which they are inundated. It is clear that the Chairman, Mr. Newgass, occupies a very unsatisfactory position, when he urges his fellow proprietors to accept the offer of a few shillings for their shares, and at the same time has to confess that he is one of the principal persons in the Syndicate making the offer. The business is one which could with good management be made to return reasonable profits, and, if there are enough independent shareholders to rally round Mr. Kelman and put the concern on a firm basis, they would probably get their money back; we, therefore, urge everyone to give that gentleman their support before accepting the counsel of despair and selling for an old song. Above all, avoid the Joint Stock Investors Association, from which nothing but profit to the lawyers can be expected.

KAFFIRS AND CONTANGOS.

At every period of depression and uncertainty in the Kaffir Circus there arise two rumours with the same unflinching certainty as the day breaks each morning. One is that a certain bank trembles on the edge of collapse: a certain bank—one out of the three whose names are perfectly well known to every City man as being sure to be mentioned at such a time. The other rumour declares with emphasis that the big financial houses are about to withdraw from the market the contango facilities without which some part of the speculative business would have to go under. Both these reports are in the air, and, as regards the second, one financial house has gone so far as to deny that it contemplated any such action as withdrawing money from the market. But really and truly, as the children say, nobody believes that the magnates would take such a step, especially in days like these, when it is from market operations, as distinct from gold-mining proper, that profits must be looked for. Capital in South Africa has been unproductive for nearly three years now, and yet balance-sheets show that the financial companies are not losing money. Whence do the profits come? The answer is that large sums of money are lent on contango to the market, for one thing; that dealings in shares are looked to for providing further gains; and that by such means are the dividends earned. Some people talk as though it were a reprehensible, not to say shocking, state of affairs for directors of finance and similar undertakings to take in shares from the market at so much per cent. above the Bank Rate. But why? The buyers cannot possibly pay for all the shares they purchase, and there is no reason why the moneyed companies, with cash lying practically idle, should not

play the rôle of banker if they choose to take the risk. And as to that question of risk, surely the directorates of such undertakings best know the position of the bantlings for whom they are responsible and upon whose shares they advance money on contango. There is too much to be said on both sides of the table for the whole question to be threshed out in a brief paragraph; but, when the difficulties are approached in a practical spirit, many objections vanish into mere sentimental air.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

Evidence that the public fancy has at last turned to the Miscellaneous Market as a field for investment and speculation is conflicting upon the important point as to whether the demand for Industrials has come to stay. The gamble in James Nelson's shares has quieted down to a large extent, while the activity in Anglo-American Telegraph, South African Cold Storage, Brewery issues, and Hudson's Bays is apparently coming to an end. On the other hand, Slater's are shooting up upon the advent of the Company's new restaurant in Copthall Court; and there is, besides, a much healthier tone displayed in the sections devoted to lesser-known shares. Where a few weeks ago it was almost impossible to sell things, it has become just as hard to pick them up, although, perhaps, the nominal quotation has remained unchanged. It is still a matter of difficulty to determine in what Industrial direction the public taste is likely to spread, but as a cheap lock-up we may indicate J. R. Roberts Debenture stock at about 96, while the shares are not dear at 14s. 6d. or 15s. Slater's will probably go to 4, or better, and Harrod's Founders shares at $4\frac{1}{2}$ look invitingly cheap.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Tobacco," remarked The Broker, as he regarded his cigar, "creates the veil by which many of the troubles in this vale of woe are mercifully cloaked."

"Although it cannot conceal the painful fact that some puns are obviously unconscious," concluded The Jobber.

"A remarkably fine advertisement for Imperial Tobacco Preference Shares," The Merchant considered. "Thank you, I'll take this one, if it isn't too strong."

"Are you offering him a broker's cigar or a dealer's?" demanded The Jobber. "Every jobber knows the difference."

"Tobacco Preference make a very good investment," said The Broker, eluding the question.

"For security, who could wish for anything better?" went on The Merchant, "but there is so little scope for a rise."

"And one wants something with a dim chance of advancing," put in The Engineer.

"The shares make a very excellent investment for the elderly lady of either sex," remarked The Solicitor; "but, as you say, there's not much hope of a substantial rise."

"You make enough money out of your profession—," began The Merchant.

"My dear sir, nobody ever made a fortune out of lawyering," went on The Solicitor, "except in cases of exception which prove the rule. But perhaps our friend in the corner can help us to choose an improving investment?"

The Banker, thus appealed to, laid down his paper.

"I assume you refer to the type which falls under the denomination of a speculative investment?"

"Quite so."

"Having due regard to this element of risk, then, I am of opinion that the new Japanese Scrip is a good example of the type you suggest."

"It will go to three or four premium in time," The Broker affirmed.

"Don't you think so, sir?"

The Banker guardedly said that such was his own impression. "But," he continued, "my judgment is as fallible as that of anyone else, you know."

"What about Home Rails?" asked The Engineer.

"The continuance of a rise in Home Railway stocks," said The Banker, "must depend so much upon the condition of the Money Market that I, for myself, am a little inclined to fear it may be checked."

"South-Eastern Four per Cent. Convertible Preference begins to look cheap again, don't you think?" was The Engineer's contribution to the list of suggestions.

"Another speculative investment, with more of the former characteristic about it than the latter."

"I agree. But if Dover 'A' is going to maintain its price, what then?"

"It's difficult to see what can possibly hoist Doras much higher. I would love to sell a bear of them now," The Merchant spoke half regretfully.



SESHEKE, RHODESIA.

"Why don't you?" inquired the practical Broker.

"Because there is an element in my composition which does not permit of my being a bear of anything," returned The Merchant.

"Curious composition," soliloquised The Jobber, who appeared to be reading.

"Now, if you want to buy a Deferred stock," continued The Broker, "why not go for South-Western Deferred? It has a very decent chance of rising to about 75—"

"Whew!" whistled The Engineer.

"Well, why not? Say 72, then. It's a speculative stock that I wouldn't mind buying for my own wife."

"Ah! but what you would buy for your own wife and what for somebody else's might be different things."

"Trying to be funny, or what?" asked The Broker. "I think, as I said before, that South-Western Deferred is an excellent investment of its kind."

"I heard a man say so at the Club yesterday," remarked The Merchant.

"I'm going to start a Club," exclaimed The Jobber, flicking his cigarette-ash over The Broker's gloves.

"A Club? What for? May I join?" The Engineer laughed.

"You join? Certainly. All you have to do is to pay three thousand pounds (I'm the treasurer, of course), and I will authorise you to write the definite article before your name and introduce you to the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, so that you can get ringing red-hot tips direct from the Committee Room. Our Christmas Club has now commenced. Pay up your three thousand pounds, please, gentlemen, and trust your Uncle Stalky to do the rest."

"It sounds awfully enticing," admired The Merchant.

"'Enticing' is not the word for it. Why, you'll make your fortune in a week, especially if you pay another five hundred to advertise in my new paper, which will appear simultaneously with each blue moon."

"Good heavens!" gasped The Engineer. "Why were you born so young? This is the crowning achievement of a long career, but you—you have conceived it when you're little more than adolescent."

The Broker gazed at the pair with mingled amazement and contempt.

"What the Mephisto are you two idiots talking?" he blurted out.

"We're talking Truth," replied the veracious one. "It's almost as interesting as discussing Kaffirs."

Again The Engineer laughed. "I thought we shouldn't get up to town without a word or two on that perennial topic."

"They'll be flat until Christmas, you can bet your best putter," said The Jobber, with a resigned expression. "But I'm thankful to say I'm doing more business than golf nowadays."

"Then it must be right to sell a bear?" hazarded The Engineer.

"Get your tail twisted if you do," The Broker retorted.

"Not a bit of it," The Jobber contradicted. "You can sell East Rands or Modders and be pretty sure of a five-shilling turn, anyway. Don't you think so, sir?" appealing again to The Banker.

The old gentleman confessed that he didn't know much about it. "But, if I were a speculator, I should certainly buy such shares as Heriots and Knights and City and Suburban at the present levels."

"You seem to know a *little* about Kaffirs, anyway," said The Jobber. "And, if you will forgive my saying so, I humbly venture to think your judgment excellent."

"I am indeed happy to receive such a compliment," The Banker beamed urbanely, "but my knowledge is very limited in regard to the gambles, East Rands or Goldfields or Modder."

"You have got the principle right," and The Jobber rose to dismount, "and as to the other things, they don't much Modder. How's that, Brokie?"

"Out!" was the prompt response, as the speaker assisted his friend with a parting kick.

Saturday, Nov. 15, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

A. W.—(1) As to Shebas, we are inclined to think well of them. The difficulties at the close of the War were greater in Barberton than on the Rand, and it will take longer to get things straight. (2) S. E. Collieries we know nothing about and can hear nothing of. (3) The Rubber Company does not appeal to us, as the Directors, with a capital of £233,000, have only a reserve fund of £8000 after all these years. It seems as if profits have been divided up to the hilt.

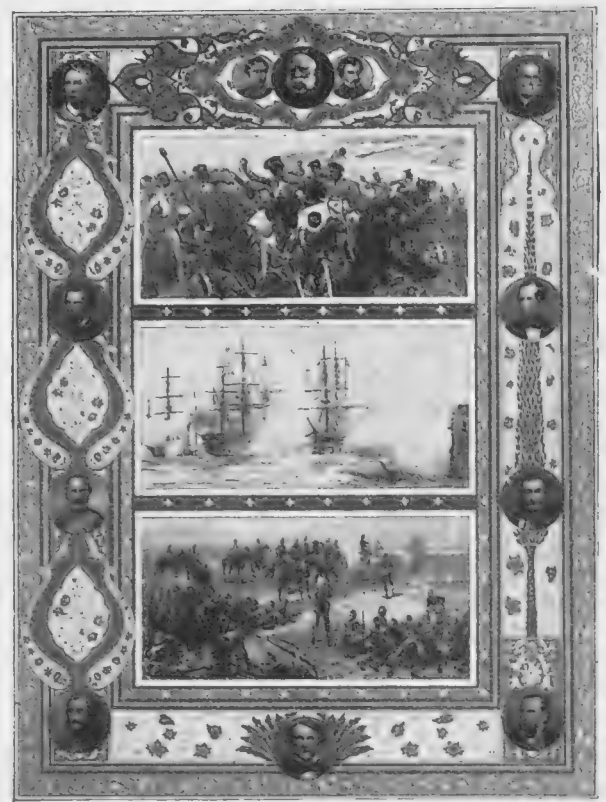
CONNAUGHT.—The following might suit you: Local Loans 3 per cent. stock, Great Eastern 4 per cent. Guaranteed, Nizam's State Railway stock, Natal 3½ per cent. stock, Queensland ditto. At present price you will probably see a profit on a purchase of either of the above. As far as Maple's Pref. is concerned, the dividend is safe enough, and we see no reason to sell. The competition story is all humbug.

RETLAW.—We should not feel nervous about the General Hydraulic stock. There are risks in all things, but in this case the Electrical Corporation is little more than a bogie.

O. S. K.—We only write letters in accordance with Rule 5, but in any event we could not have done anything for you.

QUEBEC.—All your investments are sound enough, and we doubt if you will improve matters by changing them. If you sold a few of the Candle and Bread shares and re-invested in *Lady's Pictorial* Preference, you would be quite safe and get a little better income. There is not much chance of the A.B.C. fractions improving during the time for selling. If you bought enough to make up a whole share and held it for a bit, you might make a profit.

JOINT STOCK INVESTOR.—See this week's Notes. The Association is an affair to be avoided by everybody.



BALACLAVA. SEBASTOPOL. FET-EL-KEBIR.

(Plate No. 8.)

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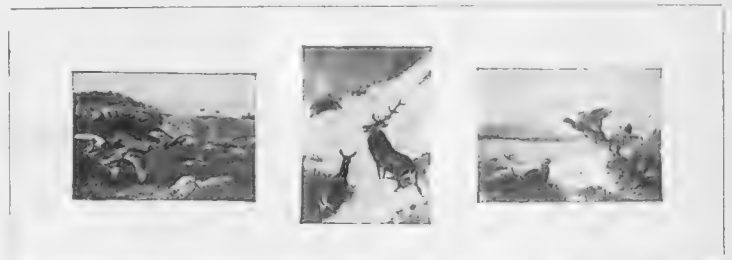
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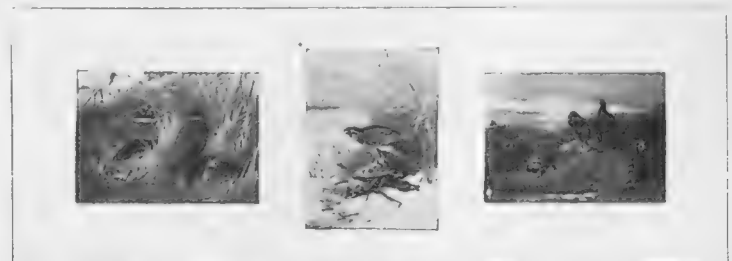
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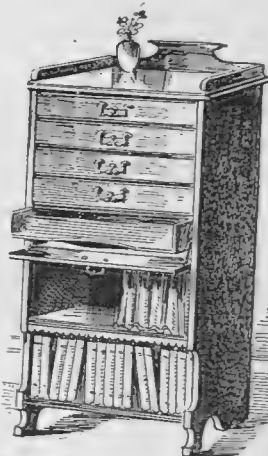
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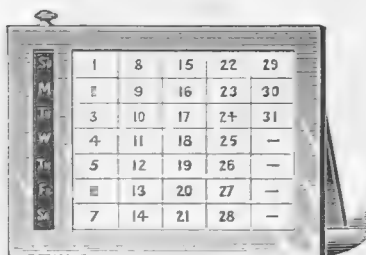
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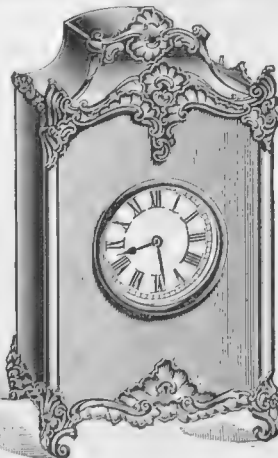
Charming Solid Silver Pot Pourri Box, Wedding Bells Design. 5½ in., 50s.; 7½ in., 90s.



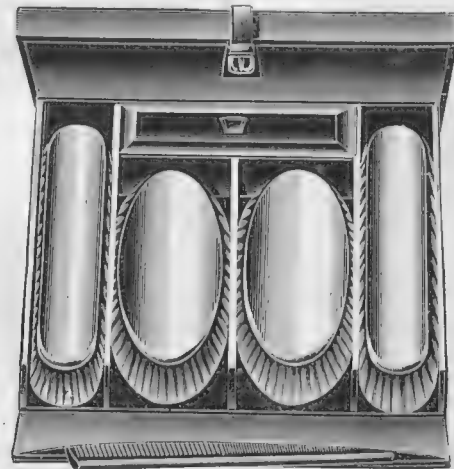
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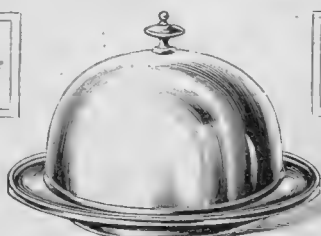
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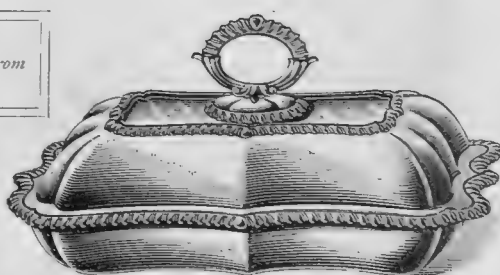


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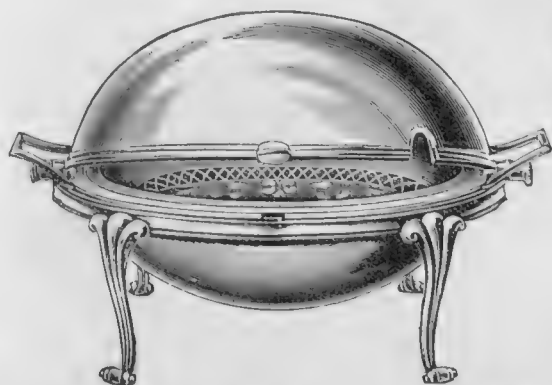
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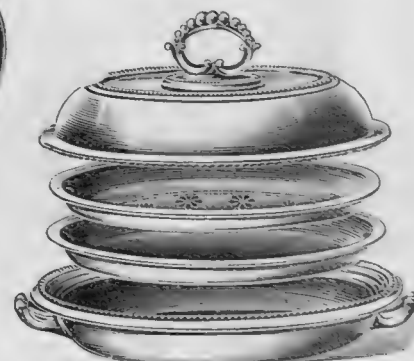


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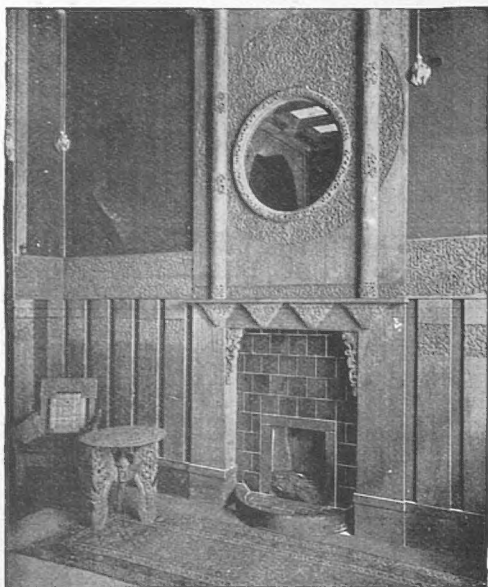
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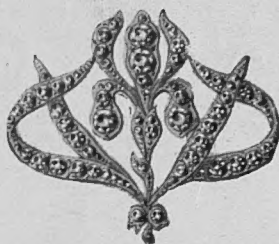
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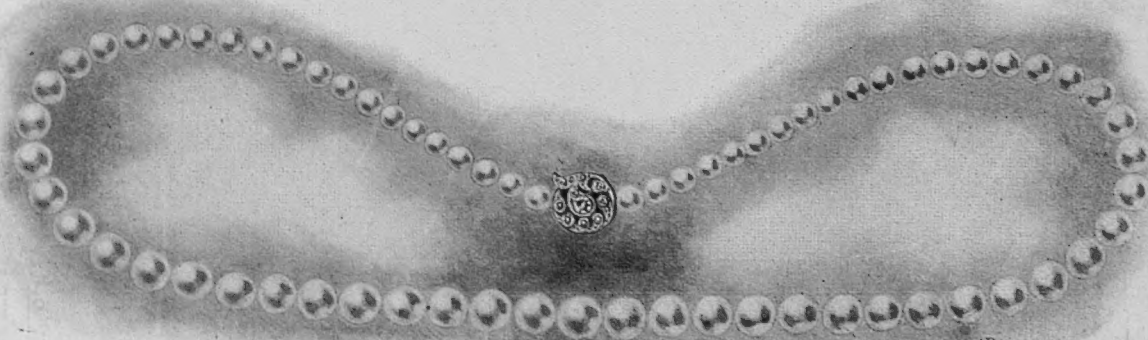
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